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SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1939.



**CROWNED WITH THE TRIPLE TIARA AS FATHER OF PRINCES, RULER OF THE WORLD AND VICAR OF CHRIST:
POPE PIUS XII. ON THE BALCONY OF ST. PETER'S AFTER HIS CORONATION.**

Pope Pius XII., who was elected by the Cardinals in Conclave on March 2, was crowned on the balcony above the portico at St. Peter's on March 12. The placing of the triple tiara on the head of the Pope by the First Cardinal Deacon, Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni, who saluted him as the Father of Princes, the Ruler of the World, and the Vicar of Christ, was the culminating point of ceremonies which had lasted for five hours. The Pontifical procession entered the Basilica

by way of the Atrium for the first time since 1846, and was greeted with shouts of "Viva il Papa" by the congregation of some 40,000 persons. Pontifical High Mass was then celebrated by the Pope and the procession to the Hall of Benedictions followed. Pope Pius' decision to be crowned on the balcony enabled nearly 500,000 people to see the final ceremony. Photographs of the coronation ceremonies will be found on other pages in this issue. (Planet News.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A WEEK ago on this page, I wrote of the slow but relentless robbery that was depriving England of its fields. Since writing it, a letter tucked into a shy corner of the daily paper caught my eye. It came from the owner of part of the agricultural land scheduled for conversion under an Air Ministry scheme which I had referred to in my essay.

This land has been in the unbroken possession of my family for over 350 years, and it has been my chief joy in life to care for it, and to try to preserve and improve it. For this reason, and also to safeguard some open country near the large and growing town of Swindon, I made an agreement under the Town and Country Planning Act to keep it as agricultural land in perpetuity. Now comes the Air Ministry, like a bolt from the blue, demanding a huge slice out of the very heart of the estate, on which to erect great barracks, thus destroying at a blow the work and loving care of generations, the amenities of the whole Estate, and treating the Town Planning Agreement as a mere "scrap of paper," neither the owner nor the rural district council or any one else having the slightest power to avert this catastrophe.

"It appears from this case," the public-spirited owner continues, "and others recently mentioned in your columns, that any owner of land is extremely ill-advised to enter into any of these planning agreements, thus voluntarily restricting himself in the use of his own property in a form binding on himself, but on no one else."

There is something very moving, to my mind, in this letter, and something, moreover, that is exceedingly significant. I am not making a plea for the feelings of the individual: these are tragic enough, no doubt, but clearly the feelings of a single individual cannot be considered for a single moment where the safety of the country is concerned. But this, though it may sound a paradox to say so, is not an individual matter. It goes to the roots of our whole conception of society—of our very political existence as a people. When John Hampden refused to pay Ship Money, and braved the loss of his liberty, and perhaps of his life, to refuse it, he was not stating an individual case of hardship. He was a rich man, and it probably mattered little to him personally whether he paid Ship Money or not. He was making his stand for what he would have called the realm of England. He was fighting for a certain vital conception of society—the society he and his fellow-citizens lived in. Those entrusted with the rule and statutory guardianship of that realm had forgotten that conception. But without that conception, John Hampden and those who thought like him argued, the realm of England must cease to be itself and become something different and infinitely less. A nation is not a material object or a mere commercial partnership: it is an idea—an idea that has become both sacred and common to millions. It is an idea which is supremely simple, and at the same time, supremely catholic. The country bumpkins who stood their ground at Waterloo were not fighting for the sum

total of the acres, houses, and other real and movable property that made up the land called England. Each one personally might have had some thought, of course, of his own cottage and allotment; but to protect that there would have been no need to be fighting "Boney" in distant Flanders. The men who manned the squares on that far day in June 1815 were fighting to preserve the realm of England, the corporate existence built up on the foundation of an ancient and universal ideal. And deprive the entity England—or Britain, if you so prefer to call it—of that idea, and it ceases ultimately to exist. Men will not give their lives to defend sticks and stones.

Let us be quite clear about this. When the Air Ministry, expressing the corporate will, decides to erect an aerodrome for our defence, it is doing so, not to defend this individual or that, or the sum total

They cannot yield to anyone—not even to the Air Ministry—the realm of England. They cannot do that without destroying their own corporate existence—the shining chain that binds them together and makes them a band of brothers—

This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands; . . .
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.

What is it that makes it the envy of less happy lands? The conception, I think, of what we mean by liberty—a conception that men of our race have clung to with an undying obstinacy not only in this island, but have carried with them into other lands beyond the seas, and made there the underlying conception of newer States. "Give me liberty," cried Patrick Henry, "or give me death!" By that he did not merely mean the right to do anything that he, an individual, happened to want to do. Far from it, for it was an ideal for which he was prepared, like those about him, to sacrifice every personal whim and desire. By liberty the English never mean licence. But they do mean a certain ideal of justice that ensures to every citizen the untrammelled right to dispose of himself, his work and his goods, subject to his own fulfilment of civic duty, and of an established and certain machinery to ensure that that justice is not withheld. They mean legal freedom of life and person, freedom of speech, and freedom of property—and that freedom subject always to justice as interpreted, not by the administrator, but by the open courts of law. And when they cease to mean that, they will cease to be what we mean by English.

Here is the gist of the matter, and of our own nationhood—

We must be free or die,
who speak the tongue
That Shakesparespake;
the faith and morals
hold
Which Milton held,

is not a mere exercise in words. And if a Government department, in the name of some higher expediency, can ride roughshod over every natural equity without allowing the subject any right of appeal to the courts of law, we are a free people no longer, and might as well be ruled over by a pasha or subjected to the inquisition of the Cheka. It is no use inveighing against the tyranny of the totalitarian states if we are to become totalitarian too. To say that such despotic and un-English practice affects only a few is to miss the point: John Hampden was wiser and saw further. The injustice which authority perpetrates against the few to-day, it will perpetrate against the many to-morrow. Whoever strikes against the sanctity of the liberty of the subject strikes against the realm of England; and whoever strikes against the realm of England encompasses the destruction of a great people.



HOW THE NEW POPE MADE HIS PROGRESS THROUGH ST. PETER'S ON THE DAY OF HIS CORONATION: PIUS XII., SEATED IN THE SEDIA GESTATORIA, WEARING HIS JEWELLED MITRE, AND RAISING HIS HAND IN BENEDICTION, BORNE IN PROCESSION AMID HIS RETINUE.

Several innovations, due to conciliation between Church and State during the late Pope's reign, marked the Coronation of Pius XII. on March 12. In particular, the procession entered St. Peter's from outside by way of the Atrium. This had not been done since the Coronation of Pius IX. in 1846. After his entry into the Basilica, Pope Pius XII. halted first at the Chapel of the Holy Sacraments, and then proceeded to the Clementine Chapel, where he received the "adoration" of the Cardinals, and was vested in full pontificals for High Mass, including the jewelled mitre. His Holiness raised his hand slowly to right and left in benediction as his litter was borne along, escorted by Swiss Guards and mace-bearers. At the Mass the Pope himself officiated.

Photograph by Associated Press.

of all the individuals who inhabit this country, for the mere sake of defending them. Because, if that was all there was to it, there could be no necessity to defend them at all, and they would be insane to stir a hand's turn to assist in such corporate defence or aggression against any other nation, seeing that the inevitable result of such corporate action must be the immediate and probably immeasurable suffering of every individual in the community. On the contrary, the Air Ministry—though it may be quite unconscious of the fact—is pursuing its supremely useful activities precisely because English people are in possession of a corporate idea or conception of society, and because it seems worth their while to undergo almost any sacrifice that such an idea may still continue to operate in the world. But there is just one sacrifice that they cannot, and should not, make, for that would render worthless all their other sacrifices and endeavours: they cannot sacrifice the idea itself.

THE GREATEST OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CEREMONIES: THE POPE'S CORONATION.



IN ST. PETER'S DURING THE RITES PRECEDING THE CORONATION OF POPE PIUS XII. (ENTHRONED, IN RIGHT BACKGROUND); SHOWING (IN LEFT FOREGROUND) TWO OF THE PILLARS AROUND THE HIGH ALTAR, WHERE HE CELEBRATED MASS.

The Coronation of a Pope is the supreme expression of Roman Catholic ceremonial, combining splendour and symbolism more fully than any other ritual. In these respects the Coronation of Pope Pius XII. maintained traditional magnificence. When the long procession, in which he was borne into St. Peter's on the *Sedia Gestatoria*, reached the High Altar, the Pope descended from his litter and was prepared for the Mass by having the pallium placed about his shoulders. Having first censed the

Altar, he proceeded to the Throne set for him in the apse, where he again received the "adoration" of all the Cardinals. Then followed the Pontifical High Mass, in which the Pope himself officiated at the High Altar. It lasted for more than two hours. When it was over, the procession was re-formed, and the Pope was conveyed to the balcony of St. Peter's for the final ceremony of the actual crowning, which is illustrated on page 413 in this number. (Photograph by Planet News.)

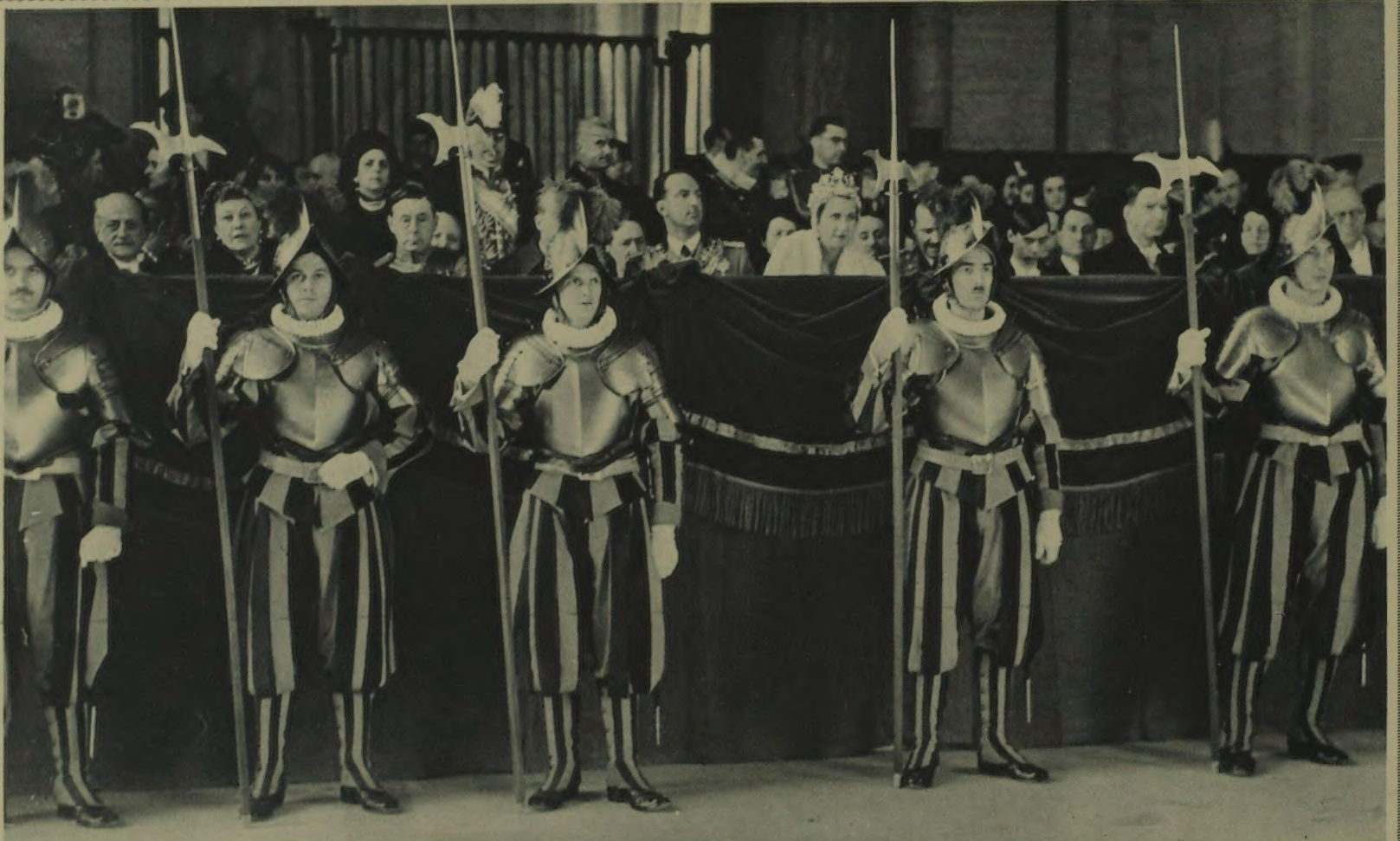
REPRESENTATIVES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND OTHER POWERS AT THE PAPAL CORONATION.



REPRESENTATIVES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND ITALY AT THE CORONATION OF POPE PIUS XII.: THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (RIGHT, WEARING UNIFORM); AND COUNT CIANO, THE ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER (THIRD FROM LEFT). (A.P.)



IRE AND THE U.S.A. REPRESENTED: MR. DE VALERA (FOURTH FROM LEFT), AND (NEXT, TO RIGHT) MRS. KENNEDY WITH HER HUSBAND, MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY, U.S. AMBASSADOR IN LONDON. (A.P.)



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PIEDMONT (CENTRE OF FRONT ROW); WITH THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, MR. DE VALERA, AND MR. AND MRS. KENNEDY; DURING THE CORONATION MASS. (Planet.)



MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY, THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN, AND MRS. KENNEDY ARRIVING AT ST. PETER'S FOR THE PAPAL CORONATION OF POPE PIUS XII. (Keystone.)



ECCELSIASTICAL AND LAY ENVOYS FROM GREAT BRITAIN AT THE PAPAL CORONATION: CARDINAL HINSLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK. (A.P.)

Some fifty temporal princes attended the Coronation of Pope Pius XII., a number said to be unequalled in the history of the Papacy. King George VI. was represented by the Duke of Norfolk. The Prince and Princess of Piedmont acted as the representatives of the Royal House of Savoy. They met the Pope before he actually entered St. Peter's, and fell on their knees before the *Sedia Gestatoria*, receiving a special blessing from his Holiness. The foreign delegations were allotted

positions upon either side of the apse of St. Peter's. They were preceded by the Prince and Princess of Piedmont and the other Princes of the House of Savoy. Next came the Duke of Norfolk; then Count Ciano, representing the Italian Government, and then the delegations of forty other States, each attended by a Private Chamberlain in black doublet and Spanish ruff. Among the Royalties were ex-King Alfonso and ex-Queen Victoria of Spain, and the Infante Jaime.

THE POPE'S OPEN-AIR CORONATION ON THE BALCONY OF ST. PETER'S.



THE ACTUAL CROWNING OF POPE PIUS XII.—THE CULMINATION OF CEREMONIES WHICH HAD LASTED FOR SOME FIVE HOURS :
CARDINAL CACCIA-DOMINIONI PLACING THE TRIPLE TIARA ON THE POPE'S HEAD.

The Coronation of Pope Pius XII. was exceptional in the fact that the culminating ceremony of the actual crowning took place in the open air, on the balcony of St. Peter's, instead of within the Basilica, as on similar occasions in recent times. On the conclusion of the Pontifical High Mass, at which he himself officiated, the Pope was borne in procession, again seated in the *Sedia Gestatoria*, down the nave and into the portico. When he had rested for half an hour in the Hall of Benedictions,

the standard of the Coronation was hoisted on the loggia. After the prescribed prayers had been recited, the Pope's mitre was removed by Cardinal Canali, and the triple tiara was placed on his head by Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni, who then pronounced the Latin invocation, saluting the Pope as Father of Princes, Ruler of the World, and Vicar of Christ. The Pope then pronounced the Benediction, as shown in our illustration on page 414 of this number. (Keystone.)

A PAPAL CORONATION SEEN BY A VASTER CROWD THAN EVER BEFORE.



THE FINAL SCENE AT THE CORONATION OF POPE PIUS XII.: HIS HOLINESS BESTOWING HIS BENEDICTION FROM THE BALCONY OF ST. PETER'S ON A THROG THAT. NUMBERED SOME 500,000.

The Coronation of Pope Pius XII. was witnessed by a greater number of people than ever before, not only on account of the Pope's decision to be crowned on the balcony above the portico of St. Peter's, but also because the demolitions of recent years between the Piazza of St. Peter's and the Tiber have opened up a broad avenue some 500 yards long, called the Via della Conciliazione to commemorate the reconciliation of Church and State. Nearly 500,000 people were

thus able to see the final scene of the long ceremony and to receive the new Pope's blessing as he stood on the balcony crowned with the triple tiara. The crowds had begun to assemble before dawn and many of them waited for hours to see the procession emerge on to the balcony and to greet the new Pope with shouts of "Viva il Papa!" Again and again his Holiness acknowledged the acclamations of the people, until he finally withdrew. (Keystone.)

THE "SCAPA FLOW" OF THE SPANISH REPUBLICAN FLEET :

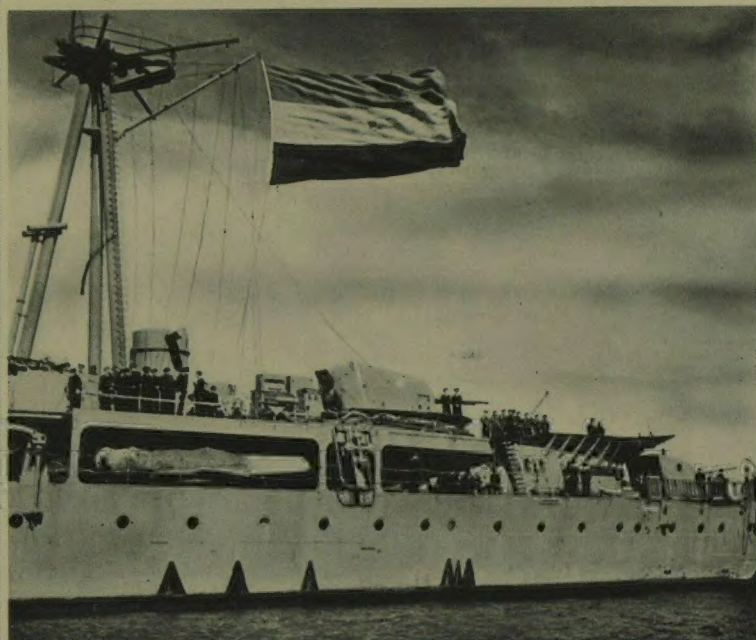
CRUISERS WHICH ABANDONED CARTAGENA, INTERNED AT BIZERTA; AND THEIR CREWS AND PASSENGERS.

ELEVEN ships of the Spanish Republican fleet which put out from Cartagena on March 5 appeared off the French naval base at Bizerta, Tunisia, on March 7. French naval authorities and police boarded the vessels, which were escorted into the harbour by warships. The ships at Bizerta included all the Republican cruisers, namely, the "Libertad," "Miguel de Cervantes" and the "Mendez Nuñez"—and the destroyers "Ulloa," "Jorge Juan,"

[Continued below, left.]



WHEN THE BULK OF THE SPANISH REPUBLICAN FLEET WAS INTERNED IN A FRENCH AFRICAN PORT: THE CRUISER "CERVANTES" ENTERING BIZERTA, PRECEDED BY A FRENCH GUNBOAT (LEFT). (Wide World.)



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE "MIGUEL DE CERVANTES," ONE OF THE THREE REPUBLICAN CRUISERS WHICH SURRENDERED AT BIZERTA—ALL BEING IN A SOMEWHAT DILAPIDATED CONDITION. (Planet.)



THE "MENDEZ NUÑEZ": THE OLDEST OF THE THREE REPUBLICAN CRUISERS WHICH ABANDONED CARTAGENA AND GAVE THEMSELVES UP AT BIZERTA, THEIR MEN BEING TEMPORARILY INTERNED. (Wide World.)



ONE OF THE SPANISH REPUBLICAN CRUISERS WHICH GAVE THEMSELVES UP AT BIZERTA: THE 8000-TON "MIGUEL DE CERVANTES" ENTERING BIZERTA STILL FLYING THE REPUBLICAN FLAG. (A.P.)



THE "LIBERTAD," A SISTER-SHIP OF THE "MIGUEL DE CERVANTES" (BOTH BEING ENGLISH-DESIGNED VESSELS), ENTERING BIZERTA TO SURRENDER. (Wide World.)



A PARTY OF MEN WHO CAME ASHORE FROM THE SPANISH REPUBLICAN WARSHIPS—INCLUDING APPARENTLY BOTH SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS—PARADED BY THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES AT BIZERTA. (A.P.)

"Escaño," "Almirante Grivana," "Almirante Miranda," "Almirante Antequera," "Almirante Valdes," and "Lepanto." They had about 4500 people on board with 400 or 500 civilians, including a number of women and children. The ships appeared to be in a neglected condition. The commander of this squadron, a captain, accepted all the internment conditions exacted by the Maritime Prefect of Bizerta, and the ammunition was taken out of the magazines and brought ashore, and the guns rendered useless by the removal of the breech-blocks. Subsequently M. Labonne, the French Resident-General in Tunis, was quoted as saying that "these ships belong to General Franco, and we are the depositaries. The Spanish Republicans who were aboard are free to return to Spain or remain in Tunis as they wish." On March 11 it was reported that the "Jaime Primero," the sole remaining Spanish battleship, which was crippled early in the war, had put in at Beni Saf, near Oran, from Cartagena.

GAUGUIN AND VAN GOGH.

"VAN GOGH": By J.-B. DE LA FAILLE; and "GAUGUIN": By JOHN REWALD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE reader, at first sight of the titles of these two books, might well exclaim: "What, *more* books about Gauguin and Van Gogh!"—and certainly these two, their personalities and their works, have had as much written about them in this country as ever had the Pre-Raphaelites at the height of their vogue, and have enjoyed a world-wide *réclame* such as never fell to the Pre-Raphaelites' lot. But the reader need not be alarmed. The existing biographical works (of which Mr. Robert Burnett's "Gauguin" is the latest and best which I have encountered) still stand. These two volumes are collections of reproductions, with introductions and indices.

The "Gauguin," published at 10s. 6d., and containing a hundred and thirty full-page illustrations,

far (as with Gaudier-Brzeska and D. H. Lawrence) the fascination of the man does not colour judgment of the independent stature of his works. But they were extremely different kinds of men. Gauguin, with his brutal physical power, his disdain of domestic obligations, his revolt against civilisation, his perpetual longing for the new and remote, his hankering, even in the South Seas, for glory as an artist, was, although fanatical in his devotion to painting, an egoist who never forgot that it was he, and he only, who was producing his works. Van Gogh, the Dutch countryman, was nearer a saint, and his art was to him a form of worship. It was not for nothing that in young manhood he wanted to become a priest, nor was it for nothing that he found it in his charitable

his painting, who does not realise the spiritual and moral passion behind it all.

The comic and the tragic are intermingled in even the most ardent lives. Verlaine, that wild vagrant, who also had a profound, if intermittently active, religious side to him, was once an usher at a Bournemouth preparatory school: Mr. Max Beerbohm produced a ludicrous picture of the little bearded, bony poet taking charge of a top-hatted Sunday "crocodile" of boys. And Van Gogh, in 1876, at twenty-three, took a similar job at Ramsgate. There he was moved towards a religious profession. "I feel myself drawn towards religion," he wrote to his brother Theo; "I want to comfort the lowly. I think that the profession of artist or painter is a noble one,



GAUGUIN, WHO EVER HANKERED AFTER THE PRIMITIVE AND THE ELEMENTAL, AS HE SAW HIMSELF: "PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST WITH A YELLOW CRUCIFIX"; A CHARACTERISTIC WORK PAINTED ABOUT 1890.



VAN GOGH PAINTING ONE OF HIS FAMOUS STUDIES OF SUNFLOWERS: A RECORD OF GAUGUIN'S SHORT STAY WITH HIS FRIEND AT ARLES IN 1888, WHICH ENDED DISASTROUSLY WHEN VAN GOGH BECAME TEMPORARILY INSANE.

many in colour, is a remarkable piece of publishing. The "Van Gogh" is astonishing. It contains a complete catalogue of all Van Gogh's works, and reproductions (some in colour) of every single one of them, except a few which are lost and a few which their proprietor, a French doctor, is reluctant to have photographed. What such a book would cost were it printed in England for purely British circulation I shudder to think: the reproductions number over eight hundred. But publishers have recently learnt—led, I think, by Messrs. Allen and Unwin with those astonishing volumes from Vienna—that international enterprise can put within the reach of humble pockets books which otherwise would have to be very expensive, or perhaps would not be published at all, owing to a shortage of Cresuses with taste. The "Gauguin" is printed in France and Belgium; the "Van Gogh" in Belgium. Even at that it is difficult to see where the profit comes in. However, after all, that is not our affair. It is enough to say that whoever is given either of these two books will find perpetual pleasure in it.

These two men seem to be indissolubly linked in the public mind. They were contemporaneous, they painted with startling novelty and idiosyncrasy, and each had that sort of passionate personality which to-day takes the public so greatly (for reasons which may be plausibly explained), and which is of such dominant interest that one sometimes wonders how



"VAN GOGH'S HOUSE AT ARLES": THE ABODE SHARED BY THE TWO PAINTERS IN 1888, THE MOST SIGNIFICANT YEAR IN VAN GOGH'S LIFE—THE PICTURE BEING PAINTED IN SEPTEMBER. In Mr. John Rewald's study of Gauguin we read: "After long negotiations and passionate correspondence Gauguin decided at last to accept Vincent's offer to come and live at his yellow house at Arles. Vincent decorated and furnished the house in honour of his guest. . . . Gauguin arrived in Arles on the 20th of October, 1888. . . . From the first days of their common life in Arles, the heartrending drama which soon was to separate them, seemed to loom over them."

Reproductions from "Gauguin"; and "Vincent Van Gogh"; by Courtesy of Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd. (Publishers of both works).

soul to make excuses for Gauguin: "Paul Gauguin is much stronger than we are; his passions must also be much stronger than ours"—a reflection of "the forgiveness which I need for my savagery," for which Gauguin asked in one of his more self-examining moments. Nobody will ever understand Van Gogh, and the intensity of aspiration infusing

but I believe that my father's profession is more sacred. I want to be like him. . . ." He abandoned the school at Isleworth and became the assistant of a London clergyman, called Jones. This was the first step in his new life. Back in Holland, he went as an evangelist in a poor mining district, and in the purest Franciscan spirit discarded his neat Dutch habits, slept on the bare ground in a wooden hut, dressed in oilskins and sack, and smeared himself in coal dust. But his parishioners were shocked rather than edified; he was hopeless as a preacher; and thenceforward, in grinding poverty, but with an exaltation which ended in madness, he served God in the way for which he was most fitted.

Seeing these large collections of pictures together I, personally, cannot help feeling that Van Gogh was much the greater and more durable artist. A few reproductions of "characteristic" works, with his method of thick straight brush-strokes staring at one, do not indicate the range and variety of his work; seeing it all together one cannot help being struck much more by his continuity with the great traditions and the general penetration of his vision than by his idiosyncrasies of technique. Gauguin's pictures, with all their successful simplification, their sensuous appeal, the incidental nostalgic charm of their subjects, and the

frequent skill of their composition, are much more mannered, and "all of a kind." Gauguin could more easily be imitated; Van Gogh is immeasurably the more seminal. From him a young painter might discover the way to his own vision. . . . But why labour the comparison? Gauguin was not entirely South Seas and some of his landscapes are lovely.

* "Van Gogh." By J.-B. de la Faille. With a Foreword by Charles Terrasse. Translated from the French by Prudence Montagu-Pollock. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 25s.)

"Gauguin." By John Rewald. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.)

A BRONZE AGE POTTER'S WORKSHOP: THE FIRST FOUND IN PALESTINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WELLCOME-MARSTON ARCHEOLOGICAL RESEARCH EXPEDITION TO THE NEAR EAST. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE NEXT PAGE.)



1. IMPLEMENTS FROM THE POTTER'S WORKSHOP: PEBBLES AND SHELLS FOR BURNISHING; A BONE POINT FOR INCISING; AND SHERDS TO SMOOTH POTTERY ON THE WHEEL.



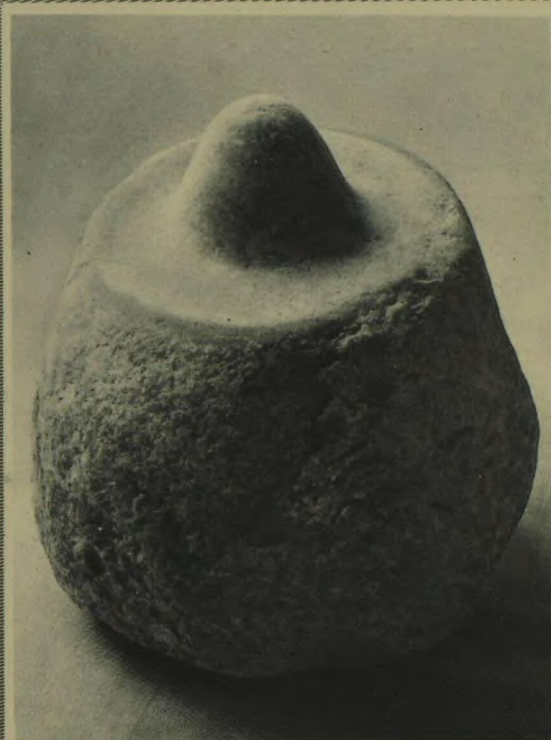
2. FINISHED BOWLS FROM THE POTTER'S STORE IN HIS WORKSHOP: TYPES COMMON IN THE LAST PHASE OF THE 18TH-19TH DYNASTY TEMPLE AT LACHISH, MANY OF WHICH MAY HAVE COME FROM THIS WORKSHOP.



3. A POTTERY PLAQUE OF ABOUT 1300 B.C. SHOWING A GODDESS OF THE ASTARTE TYPE, HOLDING A LOTUS IN EITHER HAND—FOUND IN THE POTTER'S WORKSHOP. (Actual size.)



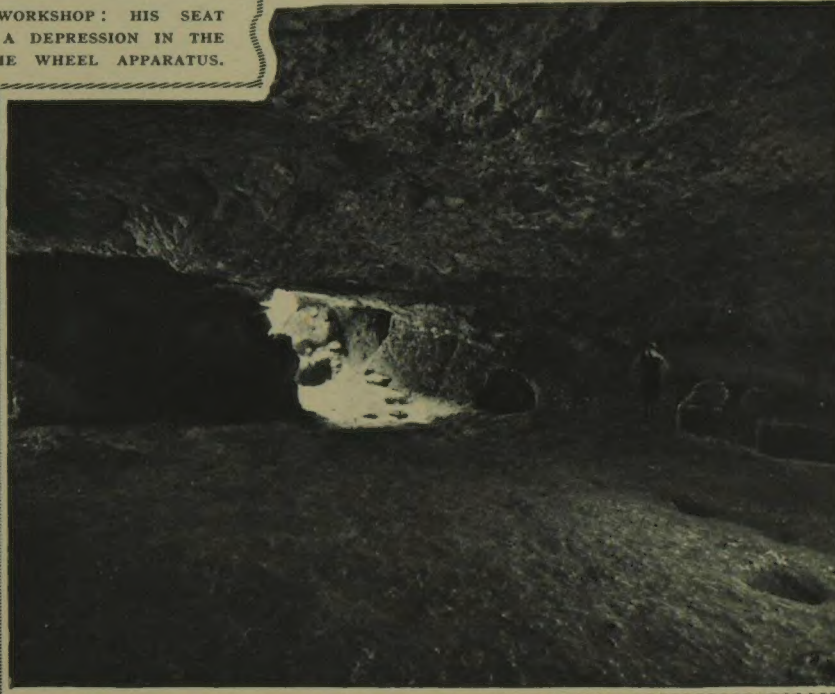
4. INSIDE THE POTTER'S CAVE-WORKSHOP: HIS SEAT (CENTRE) AND (IN FRONT OF IT) A DEPRESSION IN THE ROCK THAT MAY HAVE HELD THE WHEEL APPARATUS.



5. ONE OF TWO STONE PIVOTS FROM THE POTTER'S WORKSHOP, PROBABLY SET INTO THE FLOOR, AND USED AS THE BEARING ON WHICH HIS WHEEL REVOLVED.



6. THE INTERIOR OF A ROCK-CUT CHAMBER WHERE THE POTTER KEPT HIS STOCK: A VIEW SHOWING STEPS LEADING DOWN FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE LARGER CAVE SEEN IN FIG. 7 (ADJOINING).



7. SHOWING (SMALL IN CENTRE) THE STONE SEAT SEEN ALSO IN FIG. 4 ABOVE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CAVE AT LACHISH USED AS A POTTER'S WORKSHOP IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.

The above photographs, which relate to Mr. C. H. Inge's article on the next page, illustrate one of the most interesting of the latest discoveries at Lachish—the premises of a Bronze Age potter, with some of his equipment and products. The scene is best described in the author's note on Fig. 7, which reads: "Interior of a large cave, used towards the end of the thirteenth century B.C. as a potter's

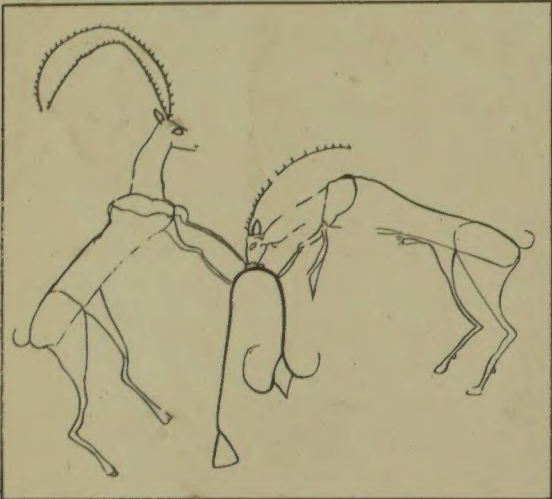
workshop. In the entrance can be seen, let into the wall, a stone seat on which the potter sat. On the extreme right is a pit which contained two stone pivots used as bearings for the wheel, and to the left of the boy is the mouth of a small cave containing many vessels stacked ready for sale. The potter's implements and many unbaked sherds were scattered about the cave."

WHERE A MURDERED BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGIST HAD DONE GREAT WORK:

NEW RESULTS AT LACHISH SINCE THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. STARKEY BY ARAB TERRORISTS: WORK IN CONTINUATION OF HIS RESEARCHES ON A BIBLICAL SITE—A FITTING MEMORIAL TO THE DISCOVERER OF THE LACHISH LETTERS.

By C. H. INGE, Acting Director of the Wellcome-Marston Archaeological Research Expedition to the Near East. (See Illustrations on the preceding and facing pages.)

THE sixth season's work at Lachish, begun in all confidence in Nov. 1937, suffered an irreparable blow on Jan. 10, 1938, when the Director, Mr. J. L. Starkey, was murdered on the Hebron road, on his way to attend the opening of the new Archaeological Museum in Jerusalem. The Trustees of the late Sir Henry Wellcome, with Sir Charles Marston and the late Sir Robert Mond, decided that the season should be completed, and this was made possible by the



8. TWO IBEX EATING A LOTUS: AN INCISED DRAWING ON A WATER-JAR FOUND AT LACHISH IN THE RUINS OF THE CITY DESTROYED BY NEBUCHADNEZZAR IN 588 B.C.

This drawing was made before the pot was fired when it was standing upside down. It is interesting to see the survival as late as the sixth century B.C. of a motif which was so popular in the Late Bronze Age, 600 years earlier.

assistance and encouragement of all departments of the Government of Palestine.

The most urgent work, in view of an uncertain future, was the completion of the Bronze Age Temple, which has been under excavation since 1933. In wet weather digging in this low area is impossible, owing to flooding, but a drive at the beginning and end of the season succeeded in uncovering the foundations and exposing the section of the Middle Bronze Age fosse, over which it was built. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* (July 6, 1935, and Oct. 3, 1936) will remember the fine series of ivory and faience objects from the later structure. The lowest levels were also rich in fine examples of pottery, and one polychrome vase is here illustrated (Figs. 15 and 16). The evidence of this vase and of pottery found with it seems to put back the foundation of the earliest temple to 1550 B.C., thus giving the cult a lifetime of about three hundred and fifty years. The wealth of material is now being studied in London and a complete publication is in hand, which



10. UNIQUE AS BEING INSCRIBED IN EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS: PART OF A POTTERY COFFIN FROM A 19TH-DYNASTY TOMB AT LACHISH. Inscribed down the front in red paint is the latter end of the first example of hieroglyphic inscription so far found at Lachish. The writing is probably that of a local scribe, whose knowledge of hieroglyphs was uncertain.

will form the second of the Lachish volumes.

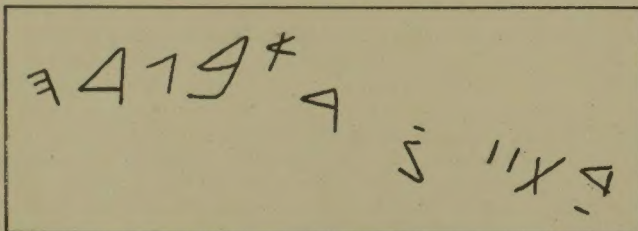
The area excavated below the north-east corner the previous season was extended towards the east, and, besides tombs of the Middle Bronze Age, there were caves utilised as dwelling-places in the Early Bronze Age. A particularly large cavern was partially cleared (Fig. 7) and proved to have been used as a potter's workshop at the end of the late Bronze Age. Masses of unbaked sherds and lumps of prepared

clay gave the first indications, and later two stone pivots (Fig. 5) were found which had served as bearings for the potter's wheels. Close to the entrance to the cave was a stone seat set into the rock, with a circular depression in front of it, which may have marked the position of the wheel (Fig. 4). Many specimens of the potter's tools and materials were found (Fig. 1), including lumps of red and yellow ochre, pebbles and cockle-shells for burnishing, and ground-down sherds which had been used for shaping pots in the making. In a secondary cave at the side, accessible by a spiral flight of steps (Fig. 6) the potter had stored his finished wares, and these included bowls identical with those found in the latest levels of the Temple (Fig. 2). No doubt many visitors to the shrine bought their bowls for offerings at this store. As a side-line, the potter turned out moulded plaques of the goddess Astarte, as is proved by the presence of part of a mould (Fig. 3). It is the first time that a potter's equipment has been discovered in Palestine, and it will add something to our knowledge of the craft.

A badly rifled tomb at the south-west corner of the mound produced some fragments of the first pottery "slipper" sarcophagi to be found on the site. Two masks, which formed the lids, have been restored and are comparable to specimens from Beisan and Tell Fara, but a third coffin is unique, as it bears part of an inscription in Egyptian hieroglyphs painted in red (Fig. 10). The translation is uncertain, as the signs are badly and probably incorrectly written, but the experts are agreed that one group of signs signifies "Waters of the West."

In the same tomb was a small scarab of turquoise matrix, in a gold setting for mounting as a ring (Fig. 17). Not far away were found fragments of an anthropomorphic vase, unfortunately too incomplete for a definite reconstruction (Figs. 19 and 20). The face is moulded on to a wheel-made basis, and is painted in red and black. The eyebrows and eyelashes are incised. These objects date from the prosperous period of Egyptian domination before the burning of the city at the end of the thirteenth century B.C.

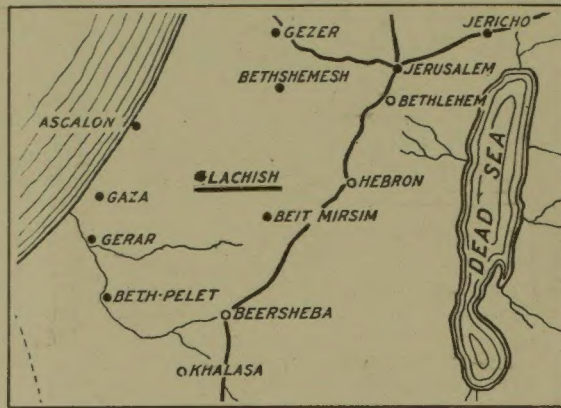
Excavations just inside the city gate have thrown further light on the period of invasions by Nebuchadnezzar. Two destructions by fire have been observed, the earlier of which is attributed to the reign of Jehoiachin (597 B.C.) and the second to the end



11. THE EARLIEST CONCRETE EXAMPLE OF THE CONVENTIONAL ORDER OF THE FIRST FIVE LETTERS OF THE HEBREW-PHOENICIAN ALPHABET, INCLUDED IN THIS GRAFFITO ON THE PALACE STEPS (FIG. 12)—POSSIBLY A SCHOOL-BOY'S SCRIBBLING.

of Zedekiah's reign, when Jerusalem was also destroyed (588-586 B.C.). As might be expected, the rebuilding in this short period did not restore the city to its earlier strength, and the later inner gateway (Fig. 13) was far less elaborate than the previous one, and the area inside was left as an open space. Fig. 14 shows part of the earlier gate and the street running up into the city, flanked by shops and houses. The towers on either side of this gate were supported on a series of brick piers on stone foundations, of which one is shown on the right of the photograph. Across the road is the inner threshold, paved with stones, and a groove remains where a wooden beam was originally let in, perhaps to take the bolts of the door—see Nehemiah III., 3: "But the fish gate did the sons of Hassenaah build, who also laid the beams thereof, and set up the doors thereof, the locks thereof, and the bars thereof."

A large area was cleared east of the Palace Fort, and part of the extensive white plastered courtyard described in *The Illustrated London News* (Nov. 27, 1937) was exposed, thus freeing the east face of the Palace for its whole length of seventy yards. Under the burnt brickwork, fallen from the upper part of the



9. THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF LACHISH: A MAP OF SOUTHERN PALESTINE, SHOWING ALSO JERUSALEM AND BETHLEHEM.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

wall, was the lower end of a staircase leading to the main entrance (Fig. 18). Against the outer face of the steps is a curious triple construction of plastered rubble, which may have served as a mounting block. Close to the wall, two yards from the foot of the staircase, is a drum of stone, the surface of which was much worn, and pitted with seven depressions irregularly spaced (Fig. 21). Its purpose is most uncertain, but it has been suggested that it may have been a table for offerings, or, alternatively, a block on which weapons and armour could be sharpened and straightened.

This staircase covered an earlier flight, of which two steps are exposed (Fig. 12). On the vertical face of one of these were some roughly scratched figures of animals and characters, including the first five letters of the Hebrew-Phoenician alphabet. These scribbles, perhaps those of a schoolboy, preserve for us the earliest concrete example of the conventional order of the letters (Fig. 11). The Palace came to an end with the earlier destruction referred to above, and was not rebuilt, but on the fallen debris of the wall above the staircase a row of poor houses was erected. One of these produced fragments of a jar (Fig. 8), bearing an incised design of two ibex eating a lotus.

Another room produced two ostraca, one of them a fragment of a letter comparable to the Lachish Letters, the other probably part of a receipt, opening with the words: "In the ninth year. . . ." As it was found in the ashes on the floor of the room one is reminded strongly that it was in the ninth year of the reign of King Zedekiah that Nebuchadnezzar came up against Jerusalem for the second time (II Kings, xxv., 1). In the winter of 1938-9 members of the expedition were engaged in preparing six years' accumulation of



12. SHOWING THE POSITION (MARKED BY AN ARROW) OF THE GRAFFITO SEEN IN FIG. 11: A VIEW LOOKING DOWN FROM THE WALL OF THE PALACE FORT ON TO THE STAIRCASE THAT LED UP TO THE PORCH.

On the right are the upper steps in use in 597 B.C., and in the centre are seen two steps of earlier construction. Near the graffito of the first five letters of the Hebrew-Phoenician alphabet there had been scratched a rough drawing of a lion.

material for publication, and it is hoped in the future that it will be possible to continue work at Lachish, a site which has already so amply repaid the labour spent on it. There could be no better memorial to the late Mr. Starkey than a continuation of a task which he had so much at heart.

LACHISH: TRACES OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S INVASIONS; AND ART RELICS.

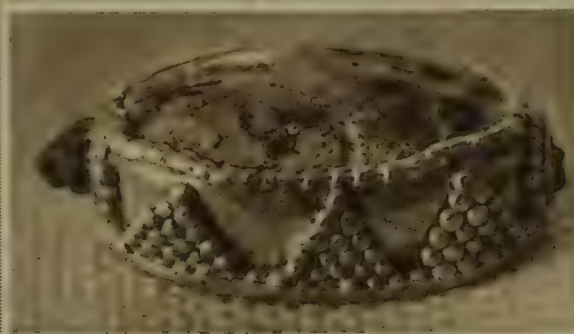
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WELLCOME-MARSTON ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH EXPEDITION TO THE NEAR EAST. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



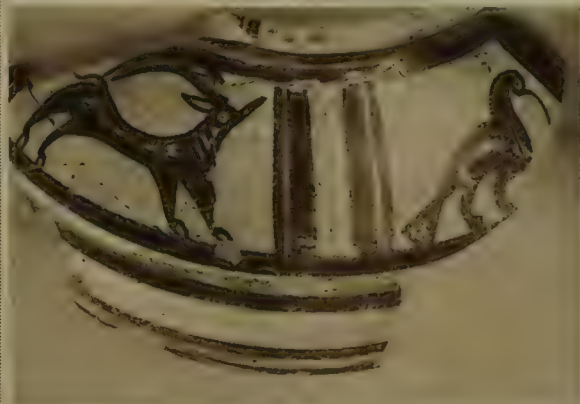
13. THE CITY GATEWAY OF 588 B.C., THE YEAR OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S SECOND ATTACK: A WESTWARD VIEW FROM IT, SHOWING A DRAIN RUNNING UNDER THE THRESHOLD.



14. LOOKING EAST FROM THE GATEWAY INTO THE CITY: A VIEW ALONG THE ROAD OF 597 B.C., THE YEAR OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S FIRST ATTACK, SHOWING (RIGHT) THE BRICK PIER OF THE GATE TOWER.



17. A SCARAB OF TURQUOISE MATRIX IN A GOLD SETTING DECORATED WITH CHEVRONS OF GRANULATED WORK. (LENGTH OF ORIGINAL, ABOUT 3/4 INCH.)



FURTHER details from notes on the photographs are as follows: (13) Note fractured stones of gate jamb, due to fire. The road was covered by a layer of ash. (14) A similar brick pier must have flanked the gateway to left, but it has been cut by the later stone-lined drain in left foreground. The raised cobbled pavement forms an inner threshold between the two piers, and the horizontal groove probably held a wooden beam let into the roadway. See Nehemiah III., 3: "... the fish gate did the sons of Hassenaah build, who also laid the beams thereof, and set up the doors thereof, the locks thereof, and the bars thereof." (15 and 16). A polychrome vase, dating about 1550 B.C., from a rubbish-pit connected with

(Continued below.)

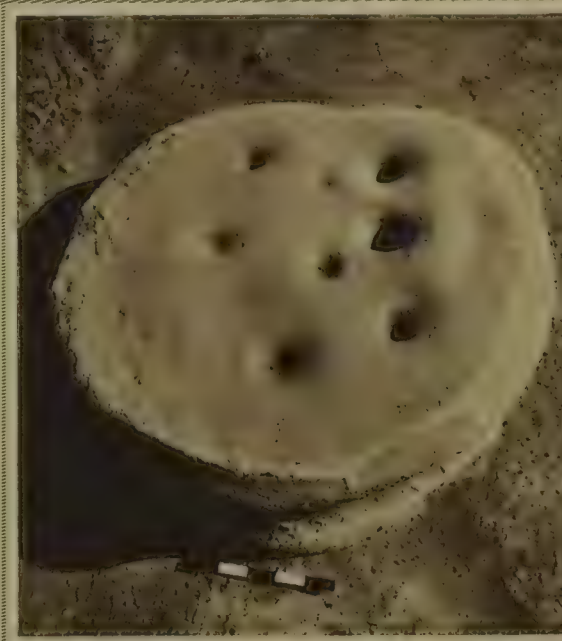


18. THE PALACE STEPS AT LACHISH USED BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION BY NEBUCHADNEZZAR IN 597 B.C.—(ON RIGHT) A PAVEMENT WITH GRAIN-PITS.

15 AND 16. A POLYCHROME VASE OF ABOUT 1550 B.C.: (UPPER) THE COMPLETE VESSEL PIECED TOGETHER, WITH FIGURES OF AN IBEX AND A FISH; (LOWER) A FRAGMENT WITH AN IBEX AND A BIRD.



19. AND 20. DATING FROM ABOUT 1300 B.C. DURING THE PERIOD OF EGYPTIAN DOMINATION BEFORE THE BURNING OF LACHISH AT THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: A POTTERY FACE (FRONT AND PROFILE), PART OF AN ANTHROPOMORPHIC VASE. (With centimetre scale to show size.)



21. AN OFFERING TABLE—OR AN APPARATUS FOR SHARPENING AND STRAIGHTENING WEAPONS?: A ROUND LIMESTONE BLOCK, PITTED WITH HOLES.

the lowest levels of the late Bronze Age temple. It bears metopes containing a bird, two ibex, and a fish. The colours, red and black, are vividly preserved. (17) This scarab originally formed the bezel of a silver ring. (18) In the right foreground is a plastered podium, and in front of the Arab boy is part of the earlier steps. The

grain-pits are later, of post-exilic period. (19 and 20) The features are moulded on to a wheel-made pot. The eyebrows and eyelashes are incised. The surface is burnished and decorated in two colours—black for eyebrows, eyes, and moustache, and red for chin-strap (?). (21) The stone may have been used for ceremonial offerings.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

WINGS AS PROPELLERS UNDER WATER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE under-water movements of one of the most remarkable of our native "song-birds," the dipper, or "water-ousel," has lately formed a theme for discussion in one of our scientific magazines. Rather like a very large and long-legged wren—and to the wren-tribe this bird is generally supposed to be more or less closely related—it haunts rapid streams in hill-country, and may be found the year round in Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and parts of England: perching on boulders in the stream, and every now and then plunging down into the swirling waters beneath them in pursuit of insects, their larvæ and pupæ, and small water-snails. This is a really astonishing performance, and especially so when the fact is grasped that the *Cinclidae*, or dipper-family, are the only members of that great group, the Passeriformes, or perching-birds—typified by the crows and thrushes, and including six thousand or more species—which can find their food in the waters. From the evolutionist's point of view they are peculiarly interesting. For, to begin with, there is absolutely nothing either in their external appearance, or their internal structure, which would create the slightest suspicion in the mind of an anatomist who was examining a freshly-killed specimen for the first time in his life, that they were diving- and swimming-birds.

Those who have tried to interpret their activities under water have arrived at different conclusions; for the movements of the bird are quick and difficult to follow. According to some accounts, having reached the bed of the stream, they run along it, gripping the stones with their feet; while others hold that their progress is made entirely by means of the wings, which are not fully opened, but bent back at the wrist-joint. Their action as propellers seems to be due to rapid vibratory movements, so that the outer border of the wing thus folded, is at no time conspicuously raised above the level of the back. This, however, is a difficult point to be sure of. We all know how far from accurate are our conceptions of the movements of a

and pursuing its food under water come into being? It has long since become an inherent habit, because fledglings, on alarm, will scramble out of the nest, dive into the water, and scramble out farther up the stream. There is always a relation between function and structure, though it is by no means always apparent; and we are constantly confronted with awkward "exceptions to the rule."

This matter of swimming among the birds affords many illustrations of these

exceptions. Apart from the dippers, only two other types use the wings for swimming—the auk-tribe and the penguins—and these are not related to one another, nor to the dippers. The auk-tribe—guillemot, razor-bill (Fig. 2), and puffin—for example, pass practically the whole of their lives on the water, coming ashore only to breed; and then confining themselves to a patch of ground no larger than suffices to form a resting-place for the egg. They rest when swimming on the surface

degeneration of the wing was arrested, because it was still needed for use under water.

The penguins are also flightless. But here the wings are used exclusively for swimming under water, whence alone food can be obtained (Fig. 4). But by this intensive use, they have become profoundly changed, taking the form of "flippers," comparable to those of the cetacea on the one hand, and the turtles on the other. No better examples of the profound changes of structure which accompany change of function can be found than those furnished by the wings of these birds, or of the fore-limbs in the cetacea and turtles.

And now as to the feet in swimming-birds. In the dipper, as I have said, the foot seems to have undergone some enlargement, but whether in response to work demanded of it in gripping slippery boulders or in gripping loose stones under water is a moot point. But in regard to birds, in speaking of a "swimming-foot," we almost invariably have in mind a foot wherein the three front toes are united by a fold of skin, or "web," as in the ducks or gulls; while the hind-toe may be reduced to a mere vestige, as in the kittiwake. On the other hand, in the cormorants, gannets, pelicans and their kin, all four toes are large, and united by a single, continuous web. There is nothing in the mode of life of these birds which affords any clue to this peculiarity—found in no others outside this

group. Moreover, the gannets swim only when resting. They feed, like the fish-eating kingfisher, by plunging down into the water so as to submerge the whole body, to seize their selected victim.

They have retained a vertical swimming-foot, three toes in a web, but the divers (*Colymbus*) have materially modified the form not only of the foot, but of the whole limb. In response to the mechanical stimuli set up in the tissues affected, the tarso-metatarsus which supports the toes has become laterally compressed in a very marked degree, while the toes reflect this in that when they are brought together at the end of the stroke they lie one in front of the other, instead of side by side. The grebes, which are not really related to the *Colymbi*—though they are commonly supposed to be—and the coots and phalaropes have lobes of skin along the sides of the toes, taking the place of a web, and apparently just as efficiently.

These very different responses to similar conditions of use can best be interpreted, it would seem, as the expression of inherent peculiarities of the tissues of the several types of birds under consideration. "What is one man's meat is



1. THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE "PASSERINE" BIRDS WHICH PURSUES ITS PREY UNDER WATER: THE DIPPER (*CINCLUS AQUATICUS*); SHOWING THE LARGE SIZE OF ITS FEET.

The Dipper progresses under water by means of its wings and the large size of its feet is probably an adjustment to their use on the slippery surface of boulders. Some accounts state that the bird runs along the bed of the stream, gripping the stones with its feet.



2. A VERY NEAR RELATION OF THE EXTINCT GREAT AUK AND, LIKE OTHER MEMBERS OF ITS TRIBE, A BIRD WHICH USES ITS WINGS TO PROPEL THE BODY WHEN SWIMMING UNDER WATER: A MALE RAZOR-BILL (*ALCA TORDA*) "DISPLAYING" BEFORE A FEMALE.

Photograph by Harold Bastin.



3. CATCHING A FISH UNDER WATER: THE DARTER OR "SNAKE-BIRD," A NEAR RELATION OF THE CORMORANT, WHOSE SHAPE IS SOMEWHAT BLURRED IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, OWING TO THE VIOLENT MOVEMENTS OF ITS TAIL.

The Darter does not use its wings under water. The feet can be seen in the above photograph thrusting backward at the end of the stroke. The curious "kink" at the base of the neck straightens out at the end of the thrust and gives added power.

Photograph by Harold Bastin.

bird's wings in flight when we come to compare them with instantaneous photographs. A gull, or a crow, seems to fly by an up-and-down "flapping" of the wings. Their real trajectory is very different.

But I should not like to say that the dipper never uses its feet while under water. For I find on examining them in a dead bird, that they are conspicuously large (Fig. 1). That is to say, the toes are relatively longer and more heavily built than in the thrush, which is a somewhat larger bird, and the claws are decidedly more robust. It would be very unwise, however, to jump to the conclusion that the relatively larger size of the dipper's foot is an adjustment to the strains put upon it by these under-water excursions. The bird may have developed a heavier foot in response to its use on the slippery surface of boulders. How, and when, and why did this singular habit of seeking

of the sea, and seek their prey by pursuit under water, when the body is driven along by the wings, which otherwise are used only in short flights to their feeding-grounds, and to and from the ledges of the cliffs whereon they are breeding. But as a consequence of this intensively aquatic life, the whole framework of the body has been profoundly changed, as I showed long ago on this page. The great- auk alone among its congeners was flightless. And this came about because its nesting-ground was on the sea-level, and not on rock-ledges perhaps 200 ft. above the sea. But the



4. ONE OF THE FEW TYPES OF BIRDS WHICH USE THEIR WINGS FOR SWIMMING: A PENGUIN USING ITS "FLIPPERS" (MODIFIED WINGS) WHILE MOVING ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE WATER—THE LEGS SERVE AS RUDDERS AND FOR CHECKING SPEED.

another man's poison!" The feet of the kingfisher-tribe are particularly interesting, the front toes being closely bound together as in the bee-eaters and many related types which spend most of their time perching. But some kingfishers, as in our native bird, feed on living prey caught in the water during a plunge. There was therefore no need to change the form of the feet.

THE FIRST WHITE GIRAFFE SEEN IN KENYA: AN ADULT "ALBINO" BULL.



THE FIRST WHITE GIRAFFE EVER RECORDED IN KENYA: A BULL HAVING AN ALMOST PURE WHITE COAT WITH DARKER MARKINGS, WHICH ARE MOST STRONGLY DEVELOPED ON THE NECK, SEEN IN THE MASAI RESERVATION AND PHOTOGRAPHED AT A DISTANCE OF FORTY YARDS.



THE WHITE GIRAFFE IN COMPANY WITH A FEMALE OF NORMAL TYPE: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH CLEARLY SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE IN COLORATION AND EMPHASISES THE EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE OF THE FULL-GROWN "ALBINO," WHICH MAY CONSTITUTE A DISTINCT SPECIES OF GIRAFFE.

The first white giraffe ever recorded in Kenya was seen in the Masai reservation last year by Professor George Goodwin, Assistant Curator of Mammals in the American Museum of Natural History, who was at that time a member of the Harry Snyder East African Expedition. Professor Goodwin was able to take a film of the animal, and we reproduce two pictures from it on this page, the first photographs ever obtained of such a specimen. Describing his discovery, Professor Goodwin states: "It was an almost pure white bull, but as its eyes appeared dark, I do not think it could fairly be described as an albino. It

was full-grown and was in company with a female of normal type. I saw him plainly at forty yards range. White hunters in the neighbourhood, whom I questioned later, told me they had never heard of such an animal before." There are two species of giraffe, the colour of one, *Giraffa reticulata*, being a liver-red overlaid by a buff-tinted network, while the other, *Giraffa camelopardalis*, has brownish or blackish markings on a light ground colour. It will be noticed that the white giraffe has similar darker markings, which are most strongly developed on the neck, although their colour has not been stated.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR G. GOODWIN.

AMONG THE "RED MEN" OF ECUADOR.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE COLORADOS, A LITTLE-KNOWN SOUTH AMERICAN TRIBE WHO DYE THEMSELVES SCARLET FROM HEAD TO FOOT: INITIATION RITES, WITCH-DOCTORS, NARCOTIC DRUGS, AND THE PREPARATION OF RED DYE FROM SEEDS.

By DR. WOLFGANG VON HAGEN; with Photographs by the Author. (See Illustrations on the next two pages and Coloured Reproduction on page 429.)

WE had long heard of the Colorado Indians, but when at last we decided to investigate this little-known tribe we could find out nothing about them. We were given to understand that they lived on the Pacific slope of the western Cordilleras . . . they were nearly exterminated . . . they had been Christianised . . . and that was all I could gather. Armed only with this vague information, my wife and I crossed the *paramos* (moors) of Ecuador's gigantic mountain system and made our way to the *pueblo* of Santo Domingo de los Colorados.

After four days astride a mule, riding down mountain ranges, climbing others, and crossing perilous *quebradas* with great yawning depths, we came to the little village of Santo Domingo de los Colorados. It consisted of a score of grass-thatched houses, laid about a barren square, euphemistically called the "Plaza." We learned that most of the Colorado Indians lived about this village and another farther south, called Santo Miguel, but none lived in or near the town, although they were wont to visit it on Sunday. So we took ourselves off some ten kilometres from the village and built our camp.

Three days after our arrival my wife was startled by a group of Indians staring timidly at her as she was drawing water from the stream. At her exclamation of astonishment I came out of the tent and the Indians fled, but as they fled I saw them brilliantly scarlet against the green of the jungle, and I knew then why they were called *Colorados*, "the Red Ones." I shouted to them to return, and shortly afterwards a party of them came out of the forest path to our clearing. There were five men and three women, as picturesque a group as one could find anywhere. They really were red men. From their hair, which was dyed, to the soles of their feet they were a bright scarlet. They were naked save for a short skirt wrapped about their loins, and on their heads was a sort of crown of spun cotton. They were of medium height, with rather slim, extremely well-developed torsos, and heavily developed tibias with correspondingly wide feet. Superimposed upon the red colour some had drawn intricate patterns of black horizontal lines with short, perpendicular marks, and the same *motif* was repeated in the pattern of their weavings. They wore silver bracelets. Like all Indians, they were shy, but on receiving tobacco and a few trifles they came within our camp and squatted about. The women never lost their shyness and reserve. They, too, were naked save for a skirt and a cotton cloth tied around their necks, which covered only their backs. Their hair was long and black, and only their faces were painted red and the crown of the hair.

The curious feature of the men was their coiffure (see coloured illustration on page 429). The hair was cut short in a "bowl-trim," with the "bangs" extending over the eyes. Still more singular was a wooden pin which they all wore in the centre of their noses. I pointed to it and asked in Spanish what it was. With boyish laughter, in which the whole group joined, one of them pulled out the pin and said "*Kimfudse*," then returned it to the hole in his nose, amid a pandemonium of Homeric laughter. We performed the usual amenities of presenting gifts at parting. To the men we gave powder and shot; to the women mirrors and needles. They left then, but offered

one of the *padres* on one of their infrequent visits. His house, typical of the tribe's dwellings, was a large, quasi-open structure consisting of two sections—an unenclosed space, where guests were received, and another, closed with split-palm

uprights, where the occupants sleep and prepare food. The house was thatched with palm and all the uprights were bound with rope-like lianas.

We had arrived at the time of a small *fiesta*, when, by a singular coincidence, a young boy was to be initiated into the *Kimfudse* ceremony, which is—or at least was in ancient time—a puberty rite. Now it is an excuse, one might say, for dancing and drinking. A score or more of Indians, male and female, were there, brilliantly decked with red paint. As the day was cold, the men wore toga-like robes. The women sat apart from the men, who were already slightly inebriated with fermented sugar-cane juice. They gossiped idly and indulged in displays of Rabelaisian humour.

Unlike the Amazonic tribes, the Colorado is monogamous, a result, I assume, of Christian influence. They are a peaceful people and have never been known in historic times to kill one another; they also have a natural sense

leader, was to make the painful incision in the boy's nose. Carpintinu had taken some of the magical brew, known as "Aya Huasca," or "vine of the souls," which contributes to a form of augury. The witch-doctor pulled the small wooden peg from his own nose and inserted a large silver ornament, 5 inches long, called *supoe*.



THE COUNTRY OF THE COLORADO INDIANS: PART OF ECUADOR, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THEIR TWO VILLAGES—SANTO DOMINGO DE LOS COLORADOS AND SANTO MIGUEL—IN RELATION TO THE CAPITAL, QUITO, THE CORDILLERAS, AND THE PACIFIC.

Those present who had such ornaments did likewise. Kototo was then seated on a small bench, and, with a small thorn of the Chonta palm the Shaman began to make the incision. One can judge how painful this is, yet

the boy said not a word. Patiently enlarging it, and giving the boy occasional drinks of the potent brew, Carpintinu made a hole through the tip of the nose. A small bit of string was put through it, and the ceremony then ended. Kototo was left to wander away. His duty now was to keep pulling the string and replacing it with a larger piece, until the hole was large enough eventually to place in it a small plug, called *lansa*. The word *kimfu* means nose; hence the term *Kimfudse*.

With the *Kimfudse* finished, the tribe took to their Bacchanalian orgies. The men drank copiously of a brew called *Malakachisa*, made from the fermented juice of sugar-cane and yuca. The process of preparation

was a bit disgusting. Women chew the yuca-tuber and spit out the masticated mass. This process turns the starch into sugar, which, with the help of the saliva, ferments. This mass is mixed with sugar-cane juice pressed out of the cane by an ingenious roller system into a small canoe. In three days the brew develops quite a potency and has a sweet flavour. Unlike white man's rum (which universally deteriorates the Indian), this drink is harmless to his health. The men quaffed generous gourds and before nightfall



AN INTERVAL IN THE FESTIVITIES AT AN INITIATION CEREMONY: A GROUP OF COLORADOS AT A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THEIR HOUSES, HAVING TWO SECTIONS—AN OPEN SPACE FOR RECEIVING GUESTS, AND AN ENCLOSURE WITHIN WHERE THE OCCUPANTS SLEEP AND COOK; THE ROOF BEING SUPPORTED BY SPLIT PALM UPRIGHTS.

of honesty and property rights. They adore being baptized, however, and receiving *nombres Christianos*, yet they retain the name given them by their parents. Kototo, the boy to be initiated, had a Christian name, Nicolas, but as Kototo meant "frog," and as he had a nervous energy akin to this amphibian, we gainsaid the *padres* and called him Kototo. While his elders were arranging the ceremony we made a bargain with the neophyte. For the exchange of a small knife he would let us watch, and perhaps photograph, his own preparations. When I gave him the knife he led us to the "blood-tree." This is a famous plant in the Americas, being the source of much of the red dye obtained by the Indians. The tree (*Bixa Orellana* L.), more correctly a bush, is known as *achiote*. It is 10 ft. high, with wide-spreading branches, and a flower not unlike a white cherry-blossom, with a pod the size of an apricot. Kototo gathered a score of pods and, plucking a banana leaf, emptied the contents of each into the leaf. Within each pod were small vermilion seeds, shaped like grape-seeds. The colour came off easily. Kototo took them in his palms, spat generously on them, rubbed them in his hands, as if he were washing them, dropped the seeds, and applied the red paste to his hair.

The seeds had a natural wax and made his hair stiff and brilliantly red. The rest of his body was similarly coloured and then covered with a design of black lines. Kototo then combed his hair and cropped it in the conventional "bowl-trim" with an old pair of scissors. It is my opinion that beneath the painting there is a blood symbolism.

Primitives have in the past painted themselves with human blood or with the blood of fowls, red vegetable dye, or red ochre. Primarily, one would assume, the aim was to increase the vital principle—fighting against some unseen force, and uniting them in a certain tribal unity, being of the same blood. Seldom the moment, day or night, when the Colorados are without some colour on their hair or bodies. The stuff is quite indelible, and I have seen Colorados pass through a heavy rainfall and still retain most of their red colour. My wife found the seeds an excellent substitute for lip rouge. Seeing her using an *achiote* seed for this purpose, Kototo remarked: "But why does she put it only on her lips—why not all over?"

When we returned with Kototo, the elders were ready for the puberty ceremony. One, Carpintinu, a tribal



SLIGHTLY INTOXICATED AT THIS STAGE OF THE CELEBRATIONS: COLORADOS IN FESTAL ATTIRE, WITH SILVER BRACELETS AND HAIR STIFFENED BY RED DYE; ONE "CROWNED" WITH A CIRCLER OF WOVEN COTTON THREADS.

to come for us later and accompany us through the forest to their own homes.

The Colorado Indians are the least known of any Indians in accessible parts of America. They live at the base of the Western Andes, in Ecuador, 2000 feet above sea-level, and about 150 miles from the Pacific Ocean.

A few days later we returned the visit of the "Red Ones." As in Upper Amazonia, we found the houses of the Colorados in the deep forest, near a stream, amid rather vast fields under cultivation. Bananas (innumerable varieties), yuca and camotes are planted in neat plantations near the dwelling, and, further away, sugar-cane and pineapples are grown extensively. Our Virgil in this first Colorado trek was a handsome young Indian, who referred to himself as *Compudre* Carlos, the name given to him by



WITH PAINTED (NOT TATTOOED) PATTERNS ON THE FACE, ARMS AND BODY, AS A TRIBUTE TO THE GENII OF THE DANCE AND THE TRIBAL GODS: A COLORADO MOTHER AND CHILD AT AN INITIATION CEREMONY.

became inebriated and lay where they fell while dancing. At once one of the women took charge of these sons of Bacchus, and it was pleasing to see the tenderness with which the women watched over their drunken sons, fathers, or husbands. Even when drunk the Colorados were

(Continued opposite.)

A DRUG BOTH FOR DOCTOR
AND PATIENT:
THE NARCOTIC "VINE OF THE SOUL" USED
BY COLORADO MEDICINE-MEN.



THE NARCOTIC "VINE OF THE SOUL" (AYA HUASCA) CULTIVATED BY WITCH-DOCTORS: A COLORADO EXPLAINING THE USES OF THE PLANT.



BEGINNING TO PREPARE THE NARCOTIC DRUG: A COLORADO SCRAPING THE ROOTS, PROVED BY CHEMICAL ANALYSIS TO CONTAIN A STRONG PHENOL-ALKALOID.



BRUISING THE ROOT OF THE PLANT BY A POUNDING PROCESS: ANOTHER STAGE IN THE PREPARATION OF THE DRUG, KNOWN AS NEPE.

[Continued.] pleasant, inoffensive people. Shamans, or witch-doctors, play a great rôle in the lives of the Colorados as augurs, conjurors, magicians, rain-makers, depositories of tribal tradition, and diviners, but mostly they flourish as "healers." To the primitive mind disease and death are caused not by something but by someone, hence when the Colorado is ill he has been possessed by *yukani*, a demon, and his illness is *yukangkeahoe*—i.e., "possession by a demon." On one occasion I accompanied a young Colorado to a witch-doctor. He did not seem to be ill, but in his own mind he was "possessed." With a bit of bribery and some cajolery I asked the Shaman if he would allow me to watch him while he prepared *Aya Huasca* (the vine of the soul). I knew that this concoction was known throughout the Amazon region, and I was anxious to see it for myself. Spruce, the botanist, identified the plant as a vine of the Malpighiad species and called it *Banisteria caapi*, this latter word being its name in the Tupi

[Continued on right.]



THE NEXT STAGE IN THE PROCESS: BOILING THE ROOT IN WATER IN A METAL POT OVER A WOOD FIRE, TO EXTRACT THE NARCOTIC.



ALLOWING THE CONCOCTION TO COOL: THE FINAL STAGE BEFORE IT IS DRUNK (NOW TEPID) BOTH BY THE WITCH-DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

Indian language. It is a narcotic vine, and is a cultivated plant tended by the Shamans. Roots of the plant were cut off while I was present, the epidermis scraped off, the root pounded to make it more permeable, and then immersed in water brought to the boil. The contents were strained and the concoction drunk. From his small sack the Shaman produced four black stones, rounded from the action of running water. He explained that these were not ordinary stones or stones that anyone could find. One must be versed in the arts of the "cure" to know just what stones to select. Since Chimborazo and Cotopaxi are believed to be the abode of sorcerers (hence their eruptions) the stones were supposed to come from these sources and to be possessed of deep magical power. The witch-doctor then drank the liquid, swallowing a portion of it and spewing the rest across the stones; apparently to awaken the magic they possessed. The patient was also given generous quantities of the narcotic.

[Continued below.]



UNDER THE EFFECTS OF HIS OWN "MEDICINE": A COLORADO WITCH-DOCTOR WHO HAD JUST DRUNK A QUART OF THE NARCOTIC NEPE.

for an essential part of the cure is that both "doctor" and "patient" be hypnotised, so that the actions of the demons who respond to the efforts of the witch-doctor are discernible to both. Beating his drum, in a quasi-hypnotic state, the Shaman conjured up the spirits and then proceeded to chant over the body of the reclining narcotised "patient." He then seized the stones in his hands that had been wet by the *Aya Huasca* (also called *Nepe*), and began to dance with them in his hands, chanting all the while. The dance is called *shukade*—i.e., the dance-of-the-stones. Thereupon, with much blowing and chanting, he proceeded like a masseur to rub the patient's body, from which the pain is supposed to be drawn, and, pulling out a thorn, he declared that he had removed the fairy-dart. The "yukani-demon" had been extracted and thus my companion was "cured." The narcotic *Nepe* which I had seen administered has been analysed from actual *caapi* roots by Dr. Seil, of New York, who found that it contains a strong phenol-alkaloid in such quantity as to produce a hypnosis and evoke fantasies. Many ethnologists have felt that the ecstasy experienced by the drinker was psychological: produced, one might say, by auto-hypnosis, but the chemical analysis of *Banisteria caapi* leaves no doubt as to its effect on the nervous system. Sometimes, of course, the patient dies: usually nowadays from a contagious disease such as smallpox or measles. All the Shaman's black magic means nothing in face of such diseases. For by such epidemics the tribe has been much depopulated until at

[Continued on page 434.]



THE WITCH-DOCTOR SPRAYING MAGIC STONES WITH NEPE FROM HIS MOUTH TO MAKE THEM MORE POTENT, BEFORE DANCING WITH THEM IN HIS HANDS.

HOW THE COLORADOS DYE THEMSELVES SCARLET AND TRIM THEIR HAIR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. WOLFGANG VON HAGEN. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 422 AND COLOURED ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 429.)



(ABOVE.)
THE SOURCE
OF THE RED DYE
WITH WHICH
THE COLORADOS
PAINT THEM-
SELVES ALL
OVER:
AN ACHIOTE
BUSH WITH
BLOSSOMS
AND SEED-PODS.



(LEFT.)
A COLORADO
SHOWING
ACHIOTE SEEDS
TO MRS. VON
HAGEN, WHO
FOUND THEM
SUITABLE FOR
LIP ROUGE:
(ON THE GROUND)
A CANOE
CONTAINING
SEEDS.



WITH A SUPPLY OF ACHIOTE SEEDS LAID READY ON A BANANA LEAF: A COLORADO BOY DYEING HIS HAIR WITH RED PASTE MADE BY RUBBING SEEDS, MIXED WITH SALIVA, BETWEEN HIS HANDS.



A COLORADO BARBER AT WORK, USING SCISSORS PRESENTED BY DR. VON HAGEN: THE HAIR, DYED AND STIFFENED WITH RED WAXY PASTE FROM ACHIOTE SEEDS, BEING CUT IN "BOWL-TRIM" STYLE.



AFTER THE HAIR HAD BEEN DYED SCARLET WITH ACHIOTE SEED-PASTE, WHOSE NATURAL WAX STIFFENED IT: THE BOY GIVING HIMSELF A "BOWL-TRIM" WITH SCISSORS, HOLDING A MIRROR IN HIS LEFT HAND.

On a later page in this number we show, in full colour, the head of a Colorado Indian from Ecuador, with his face and hair dyed a bright scarlet. The same startling effect is carried out all over their bodies by the members of this little-known and dwindling South American tribe, as related by Dr. Wolfgang von Hagen in his interesting article on pages 422 and 423. In the top left illustration

is seen one of the plants from whose red seeds the dye is produced. Locally this plant is known as the *achiote*, and in botanical nomenclature as *Bixa Orellana* L. Other photographs on this page show some of the actual seeds, the way in which the red paste made from them is applied to the hair, which is thereby stiffened as well as dyed, and the "bowl" style of masculine coiffure.

THE CRISIS IN SLOVAKIA: LEADING PERSONALITIES; AND TURBULENT SCENES.



THE LEADING FIGURE IN THE CRISIS IN SLOVAKIA: DR. TISO, THE DISMISSED SLOVAK PREMIER, WHO BECAME PRESIDENT AFTER CONSULTING HERR HITLER IN BERLIN.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN THE MELTING-POT: A MAP SHOWING THE FRONTIERS AFTER MUNICH; AND THE BOUNDARIES OF SLOVAKIA AND SUB-CARPATHIAN UKRAINE.



DR. SIDOR: THE SLOVAK LEADER WHO ASSUMED THE PREMIERSHIP AFTER THE DISMISSAL OF FATHER TISO; BUT OBTAINED LITTLE SUPPORT IN SLOVAKIA.



SLOVAKIA COPIES NAZI GERMANY: A PARTY OF THE HLINKA GUARDS (STORM TROOPERS) WHO PATROLLED THE STREETS OF BRATISLAVA DURING THE CRISIS.



SLOVAK NATIONALISTS IN FLIGHT AT THE BEGINNING OF THE TROUBLES, WHEN THE POLICE WERE ATTEMPTING TO SUPPRESS SECESSIONISTS IN BRATISLAVA.



ANTI-SEMITIC AND ANTI-CZECH FEELING IN BRATISLAVA: SHOP WINDOWS WHICH WERE SMASHED BY GERMAN NAZIS AND SLOVAK HLINKA GUARDS.



A MOMENTOUS HOUR IN THE HISTORY OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA: DR. TISO IN CONFERENCE WITH HERR HITLER DURING HIS VISIT TO BERLIN.



SLOVAK SUPPORT FOR DR. TISO, NOW PRESIDENT OF THE NEW SLOVAKIA: A MEETING OF THE SLOVAK LANDTAG TO EXPRESS CONFIDENCE IN HIM.



THE LEADER OF THE GERMAN MINORITY IN SLOVAKIA WHO PLAYED AN INFLUENTIAL PART IN THE CRISIS: HERR KARMARSIN SPEAKING AT BRATISLAVA.



WHEN THE CZECH FEDERAL AUTHORITIES ATTEMPTED TO DOMINATE THE SITUATION IN BRATISLAVA: ARMED SLOVAK HLINKA GUARDS DEFYING THE POLICE.

An acute crisis arose in Czechoslovakia on March 10, when Dr. Tiso, the Slovak Premier, was arrested on the orders of the Czechoslovak President, on a charge of attempting to establish an independent Slovakia. Czech troops occupied key positions in Bratislava, after clashes with Hlinka Guards, the Slovak Storm Troops. Dr. Tiso smuggled an appeal for aid to Herr Hitler from his place of custody, and another dismissed Minister, Dr. Durcansky, escaped to Vienna from Czechoslovakia. He broadcast an appeal to the Slovaks to resist the Czechs. A new Slovak Cabinet

came into office, headed by Dr. Sidor. Dr. Tiso was released, and flew to Berlin on March 13, where he had a conference with Herr Hitler. He was accompanied into Germany by Herr Karmarsin, the leader of the Germans in Slovakia. Dr. Tiso returned from Berlin on March 14, and was proclaimed President of an independent Slovakia. At the same time, the Czech Cabinet resigned. The situation was further complicated by a series of clashes between Germans and Czechs and Hungarians and Czechs in many districts.

THE TOMB OF THE LATE KING GEORGE V. IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



THE FINAL RESTING-PLACE OF THE LATE KING GEORGE V. IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE: THE NEW TOMB RECENTLY DEDICATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN AND QUEEN MARY.

The coffin of King George V. was recently removed from the royal vault in St. George's Chapel and placed within the new tomb (shown in the above photograph), which was commissioned in 1936 by King Edward VIII. and Queen Mary. It stands in the second westernmost bay on the north side of the nave. The sarcophagus, which is of Clipsham stone, was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, P.R.A. The recumbent figure of King George V. and other carvings on the tomb are the work of Sir William Reid Dick, R.A. The figure is of white marble, and shows his late Majesty in Admiral of the Fleet's uniform and Garter robes. Round the sides of the

sarcophagus are ten shields, bearing the Arms of King George V., Queen Mary, the Sovereign of the Garter, the Lady of the Garter, India, the Dominions, and the Crown Colonies. The new tomb was dedicated on Sunday, March 12, in the presence of the King and Queen and Queen Mary. With them were also Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Royal. A crowd of people witnessed the arrival and departure of their Majesties. The tomb was on view to the public for the first time on March 13 and there was a queue of visitors as the doors were opened.



THE ELECTION OF THE FIRST WOMAN CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: THE SCENE AT COUNTY HALL; SHOWING MRS. E. M. LOWE, A FORMER LONDON SCHOOL-TEACHER, IN THE CHAIR.

On March 14 Mrs. E. M. Lowe was elected first woman chairman of the London County Council. Our photograph shows the scene at County Hall after the election, with Mrs. Lowe in the Chair and the Vice-Chairman, Mr. Richard Coppock, on her left, and the Deputy Chairman, Sir Samuel Gluckstein, on her right. Mrs. Lowe has been Socialist Member for West Bermondsey since 1922, and was Deputy Chairman of the Council in 1929. She is a well-known educationist, and in 1934 was made

Chairman of the Education Committee. Mr. Herbert Morrison, leader of the L.C.C., has stated that during her term of office members would address the chair as "Mr. Chairman," and would call Mrs. Lowe "Sir." On March 22 Mrs. Lowe, as Chairman of the L.C.C., will receive President Lebrun and Mme. Lebrun at County Hall when the distinguished visitors arrive to inspect the Jubilee Exhibition which Queen Mary has arranged to open on March 21. (Central Press.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE SULTAN OF PERAK INSTALLED: THE COURT HERALD WHISPERING THE STATE SECRET TO THE NEW RULER.



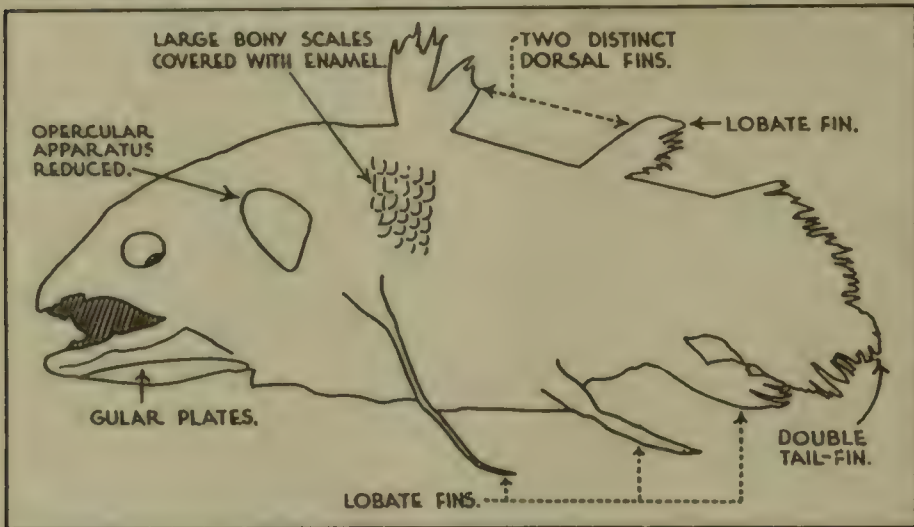
KUALA KANGSAR: THE NEW SULTAN OF PERAK, REPLYING TO ADDRESSES AT THE ROYAL POLO GROUND.



LISTENING TO THE BEATING OF THE STATE DRUMS: THE SULTAN OF PERAK WITH SIR SHENTON THOMAS.

The late Sultan of Perak, H.H. Paduka Sri Iskandar Shah, who died on October 14, 1938, was succeeded by the Raja Muda, Sir Abdul Aziz. The latter's formal installation took place at Kuala Kangsar on March 4, in the presence of Sir Shenton Thomas, High Commissioner for the Federated Malay States, who proclaimed him as Perak's thirty-first Sultan. Features of the ceremony were the beating of the State drums and the revealing of the State secret to the new

Sultan by the principal Court herald. This secret concerns the real name of the demi-god who descended on a mountain in Sumatra and became the ancestor and guardian of many of the royal houses of the Malay Peninsula. Later, the new Sultan was presented with congratulatory addresses at a picturesque ceremony on the Royal Polo Ground. Perak is the second largest in area, and the largest, in population, of the Federated Malay States.



A CORRECTED KEY TO THE ANATOMY OF THE "EXTINCT" COELACANTH FISH CAUGHT OFF SOUTH AFRICA, AND ILLUSTRATED IN OUR LAST ISSUE.

In this key to the large reproduction of the Coelacanth fish—which was caught alive off South Africa, though belonging to a group believed to have been extinct for fifty million years—given in our last issue, one or two points were incorrectly indicated. In the interests of accuracy, and for the benefit of those interested in the anatomy of this amazing discovery which has caused a sensation in scientific circles, we here print a correct version of the key.



THE BOMBING OF SHUMCHÜN MARKET, NEAR HONG KONG, BY JAPANESE AIRCRAFT: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE FALL OF SMOKE AND FLYING DÉBRIS.

On February 21, Shumchün City was raided by nine Japanese aircraft, which dropped seventy bombs within forty minutes, and some of them set fire to the market-place. The market is only 1½ miles from the Hong Kong border on the mainland, and the aircraft continued their work of destruction by dropping bombs in British territory, killing thirteen and injuring eighteen persons. Shumchün itself had recently been demilitarised and was being used as a centre for refugees.



THE LAST PERFORMANCE AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: CLARKSON ROSE MAKING A FAREWELL SPEECH.

The last performance to be given at the Lyceum took place on March 11, when the pantomime "Queen of Hearts" finished its run. The famous theatre now awaits demolition, and a block of offices will be built on its site. Our photograph shows Clarkson Rose, the Dams in this year's pantomime, making a farewell speech from the stage before the curtain was rung down for the last time. (A.P.)



AN APPEAL FOR PEACE: ADMIRAL RAEDER SPEAKING IN THE STATE OPERA HOUSE, BERLIN.

On March 12 Admiral Raeder, Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy, delivered an address in the State Opera House, Berlin, in honour of "Heroes' Remembrance Day." In his speech he stressed the need of the Reich and the whole world for peace and emphasised the part that the armed forces of Germany were playing in maintaining it. The speech was broadcast. (Pland.)



THE GOVERNMENT GAS-MASK FOR BABIES: A MOTHER AND HER CHILD DEMONSTRATING THE DEVICE IN LONDON.

A demonstration of the Government gas-mask which has been designed for the use of babies was given at the Holborn Town Hall on March 13. The device consists of a hood, made of gas-proof material, fitted with a large window. The hood is padded and a stream of filtered air is supplied to the baby by means of a rubber bellows fitted on the right side. The hood is attached to a metal frame. (Photopress.)



LITERALLY A "RED INDIAN," BUT NOT OF THE KIND KNOWN TO FENIMORE COOPER:
A COLORADO OF ECUADOR, WITH SKIN AND HAIR DYED SCARLET FROM SEEDS OF THE "BLOOD-TREE,"
AND WEARING A SILVER NOSE-PIN.

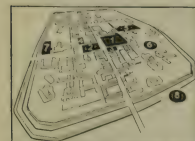
The Colorado Indians of Ecuador are a little-known and dwindling tribe, likely soon to be extinct, dwelling among the foot-hills of the Western Andes. To ethnologists they are something of a mystery. Dr. Wolfgang von Hagen, the explorer, who had some difficulty in finding their settlement, writes concerning his first meeting with some of them: "I saw them brilliantly scarlet against the green of the jungle, and I knew then why they were called 'Colorados.' . . . From their hair, which was dyed, to the soles of their feet they were a bright scarlet. . . . The curious feature of the men was their coiffure. The hair was cut short in a 'bowl-trim,' with the 'bangs' extending over the eyes, and the back of the head and neck clipped so short

as to be thought the result of professional hair-cutting. So long did their hair grow before their eyes that, when looking at an object, they had to tilt back their heads in order to see it." The dye they use is obtained from the seeds of a plant which they call the "blood-tree." Its scientific name is *Bixa Orellana* L., and it is known locally as the *achiote*. Its pods are about the size of an apricot, and contain a quantity of small vermillion seeds. The natives rub the seeds, mixed with saliva, in their hands, and then apply the resultant red paste to their heads and bodies. Dr. von Hagen thinks this custom represents blood symbolism. The Colorados wore wooden pins as nose ornaments, but at an initiation ceremony a silver one was used.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. WOLFGANG VON HAGEN.

CAERWENT, in Monmouthshire, is of unique interest as the site of the only Roman town established in Wales. It was founded in the late first century A.D., after the military subjugation of the Silures, the native tribe then in occupation of south-east Wales. As the Roman name, *Venta Silurum*, indicates, it was designed as the Romanised capital and administrative centre of the tribal territory. The town was pleasantly situated on the fertile South Monmouthshire coastal plain, eight miles to the rear of the great legionary fortress of *Ebor* (Eborac). The plan of the town, on which the present reconstruction is based, is known to us from the systematic excavations carried out on the site in 1899-1913, and resumed since the war by the National Museum of Wales. The town was, roughly, rectangular in shape, with an area of about forty-four acres, and girt with a palisaded earthen bank and ditches. Later, the bank was superseded by a massive stone wall, strengthened in the fourth century by the addition of a series of towers suitable for mounting artillery. Considerable vestiges of these stone defences still survive, constituting, indeed, some of the most impressive Roman remains to be seen in this country. There were four gates to the town, placed more or less centrally in the four sides. Through the east and west gates passed the South Wales road, forming the main street of the town. The interior of the town was divided into twenty rectangular building blocks by parallel streets crossing at right angles. The principal buildings occupied the central blocks on both sides of the main street. They included the forum (market-place) and basilica (city hall), a temple of so-called "Romano-Celtic" type, and a large public baths, with the amphitheatre, another bath building, and what may have been a second temple, a little distance away. A third temple, circular in plan, stood outside the town near the east gate. In later days the site of the principal public baths was partly covered by a small Christian church erected probably in the late fifth or early sixth century.* Occupying the rest of the space around the public buildings were the more private buildings—houses, shops and inns. The houses were of two main types—"corridor" houses, consisting of a single range of rooms with a flanking corridor or verandah, and "courtyard" houses, comprising four such ranges grouped around a central courtyard or garden. Both types were well built and the larger residences were comfortably—not to say luxuriously—appointed, with central heating, private baths and other amenities. The population of Roman Venta is uncertain, but at its most flourishing period it can scarcely have exceeded two or three thousand. The town appears to have reached the zenith of its importance in the third century, by which time, as an inscription found on the site attests, the Silures had been granted restricted autonomy as a "free state" (*respublica*), with Venta as the seat of the tribal government. Towards the end of the fourth century, with the break-up of the Roman civic system, the town began to decline. In the fifth century the few lingering inhabitants had become Christianised and built their tiny church, while from the sixth century onwards such life as still clung to the deserted town was focused in a small monastery of Celtic type associated with the name of the early British saint, Tathan.

*Mr. Alan Sorrell's coloured reconstruction drawing of the fifth-century church at Caerwent appeared in our issue of Oct. 13, 1938.

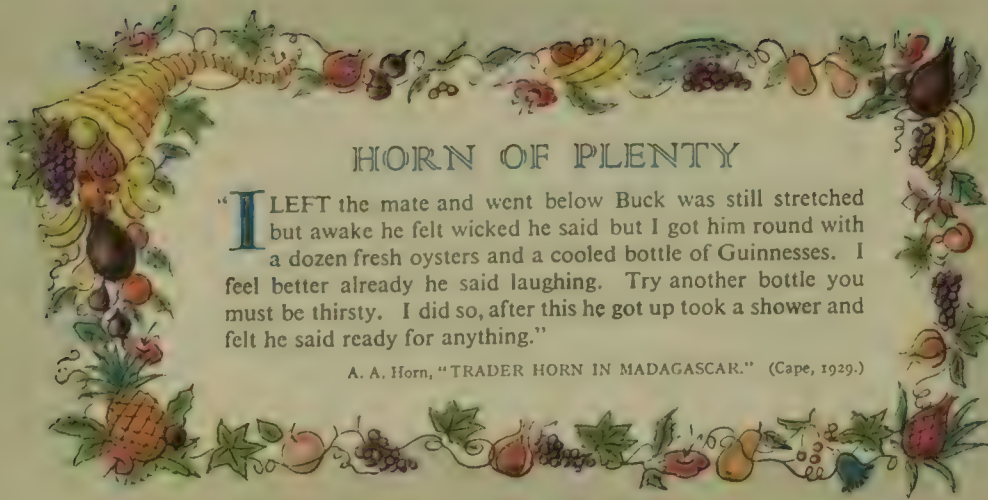


KEY TO DRAWING.
1. FORUM (MARKET-PLACE) AND BASILICA
(CITY HALL). 2. ROMANO-CELTIC TEMPLE.
3. PUBLIC BATHS. 4. AMPHITHEATRE. 5. TEMPLE.
6. ROMANO-CELTIC TEMPLE. 7. INNS. 8. TEMPLE (I).



THE ONLY TOWN ESTABLISHED BY THE ROMANS IN WALES: VENTA SILURUM, FOUNDED IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D., AFTER THE CONQUEST OF THE SILURES, AS THE LOCAL CAPITAL—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING (BASED ON EXCAVATIONS AT CAERWENT) SHOWING IT AT ITS ZENITH IN THE THIRD CENTURY. (See Key-plan on left.)

PREPARED BY THE ARTIST, ALAN SORRELL, A.R.N.S., IN COLLABORATION WITH THE DEPARTMENT OF ARCHAEOLOGY, NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES, CARDIFF, WHERE THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IS EXHIBITED. DESCRIPTION BY V. E. NASH-WILLIAMS, F.S.A., KEEPER OF THE DEPARTMENT.



HORN OF PLENTY

I LEFT the mate and went below Buck was still stretched but awake he felt wicked he said but I got him round with a dozen fresh oysters and a cooled bottle of Guinnesses. I feel better already he said laughing. Try another bottle you must be thirsty. I did so, after this he got up took a shower and felt he said ready for anything."

A. A. Horn, "TRADER HORN IN MADAGASCAR." (Cape, 1929.)



SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

From the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah (Nov. 21st, 1837) in Mr. E. Thomas Cook's collection. Quoted in Monypenny's "LIFE OF DISRAELI," Vol. II.



G.E. 857.A

Molly, Molly, bright and jolly,
How does the party go?
Lobster shells and oyster shells
And Guinness
all in a row.



NOTE FROM THE BEST—"CELLAR" BOOK

"The comeliest of black malts is, of course, that noble liquor called of Guinness."

George Saintsbury, "NOTES ON A CELLAR BOOK."
(Macmillan, 1920.)

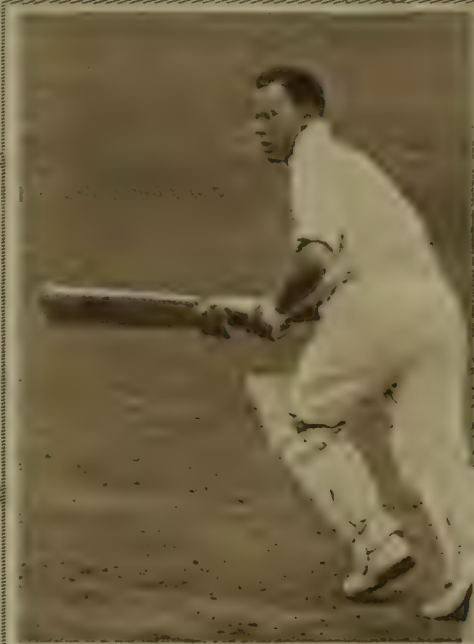
NOTE ON THE PROFESSOR'S NOTE.

Guinness is, "of course," not really black, as you can prove by holding a glass up to a strong light and observing the "ruby gleam."

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.



MR. H. BEAUMONT.
Elected M.P. (Socialist) in the by-election at Batley on March 9 by a majority of 3896. This compares with a Socialist majority of 2828 at the General Election; 72.7 per cent. of the electorate voted. Is Hon. Secretary of the Society of Labour Councils. Is fifty-four.



A RECORD PARTNERSHIP IN ENGLAND V. SOUTH AFRICA TEST MATCHES: EDRIKH (LEFT) AND P. A. GIBB, WHO SCORED 280 FOR THE SECOND WICKET IN THE FINAL MATCH AT DURBAN.
On March 13, the ninth day of the final and timeless Test match between England and South Africa at Durban, P. A. Gibb and Edrich made a record stand in England v. South Africa matches by scoring 280 for the second wicket in England's second innings. The previous record partnership was made by Jack Hobbs and Herbert Sutcliffe at Lord's in 1924, with a score of 268. P. A. Gibb was out for 120 runs, and Edrich for 219. The match ended in a draw on March 14, having lasted for the record time of ten days.



SIR EVAN COTTON, C.I.E.
Died March 7, aged seventy. Sometime President of the Bengal Legislative Council and well-known English Radical. Practised at the Calcutta Bar. Was Calcutta correspondent for "Daily News." After 1905 engaged in English Parliamentary and L.C.C. work.



M. CALINESCU.
Succeeded the late Patriarch Miron Cristea as Prime Minister of Rumania, March 7. Had been Deputy Premier and Minister for Internal Defence since February 1. Towards the end of February was prominently associated with the relaxation of anti-Semitic measures.



PILOT-SERGEANT JOHN COGGINS.
On March 11 was badly wounded while flying low to enable his passenger, Lieut.-Colonel J. I. Chrystall, to observe the progress of an action between troops of the Transjordan Frontier Force and a band of Arab terrorists. He succeeded in flying his machine back to the base.



APPOINTED PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE BY POPE PIUS XII.: CARDINAL LUIGI MAGLIONE.

It was announced on November 12 that Pope Pius XII. had appointed Cardinal Luigi Maglione to be Papal Secretary of State. The Cardinal was educated at the Collegio Capranica and entered the Papal Secretariat of State in 1909. He was appointed Nuncio in Berne and, in 1926, Nuncio in Paris. He became a Cardinal in 1935 and head of the Congregation of the Council in 1936.



PARTAKING OF A LAST MEAL BEFORE BEGINNING HIS FAST: MR. GANDHI PREPARES FOR HIS PROTEST IN THE RAJKOT DISPUTE.

On March 3 Mr. Gandhi began to fast as a protest against the refusal of the Thakore Saheb, ruler of Rajkot, to accede to his demands for a more democratic form of government in the State. On March 7 the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, succeeded in effecting a settlement of the dispute, and the Mahatma broke his fast after being four days without food. It was later stated that the Viceroy would receive Mr. Gandhi on March 15.



APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION: SIR ALLAN POWELL.

It was announced on March 13 that Sir Allan Powell had been appointed chairman of the B.B.C. in succession to Mr. R. C. Norman. Sir Allan is Mayor of Kensington and was in charge of the Government War Refugees' Camp, Earls Court, during the Great War. He was Chairman of the Food Council from 1929 to 1932 and clerk to the Metropolitan Asylums Board, 1922-30.



LOOKING MUCH THINNER IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES: FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING ON HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

Field-Marshal Göring and his wife left Berlin on March 3 for a holiday in Italy which was expected to last for some weeks. He is seen above with Frau Göring at San Remo. On March 13 the Field-Marshal and his party left suddenly for Berlin. Field-Marshal Göring looks much thinner in civilian clothes, but this may be due to his recent overwork.

THE COMMANDER OF THE FAMOUS LISTER BRIGADE IN EXILE: COLONEL RODRIGUEZ LISTER IN PARIS.

On March 7 three important Spanish Republican commanders arrived by air at Toulouse—General de Cisneros, the Republican Air Chief, General Modesto, and Colonel Lister. Colonel Lister and his brigade earned fame on almost every front where there was bitter fighting. A stone-mason before the war, Colonel Lister entered politics through the Trade Unions. His age is thirty-four.

"LA PASIONARIA" IN MARSEILLES: THE CELEBRATED SPANISH REPUBLICAN LEADER BEGINNING HER EXILE.

Doña Dolores Ibaruri, the Spanish Communist known as "La Pasionaria," and the first woman to be vice-President of the Cortes, arrived in Marseilles from Oran on March 8. She has accepted Stalin's invitation to go to Russia, and later will visit Mexico. With Victoria Kent and Margarita Nelken, she was among the Republic's three best-known women.

THE STORM CENTRE OF THE SLOVAK CRISIS: HISTORIC BRATISLAVA.

DRAWINGS BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE BRIDGE OVER THE DANUBE
LINKING BRATISLAVA WITH AUSTRIA.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARTIN, BRATISLAVA,
WITH A BIG JEWISH SYNAGOGUE AT ITS BASE.



THE HISTORIC ST. MICHAEL'S TOWER, ONE
OF THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS AT BRATISLAVA.



THE OLD TOWN HALL.



A HOUSE IN THE JEWISH QUARTER.



THE HOUSE OF J.N. HUMMEL, THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COMPOSER.

THE CAPITAL OF SLOVAKIA, WHICH WAS THE SCENE OF DISORDER AND STREET FIGHTING IN THE SLOVAK CRISIS:
AN ENGLISH ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF BRATISLAVA, WHICH HAS MANY HISTORIC MONUMENTS.

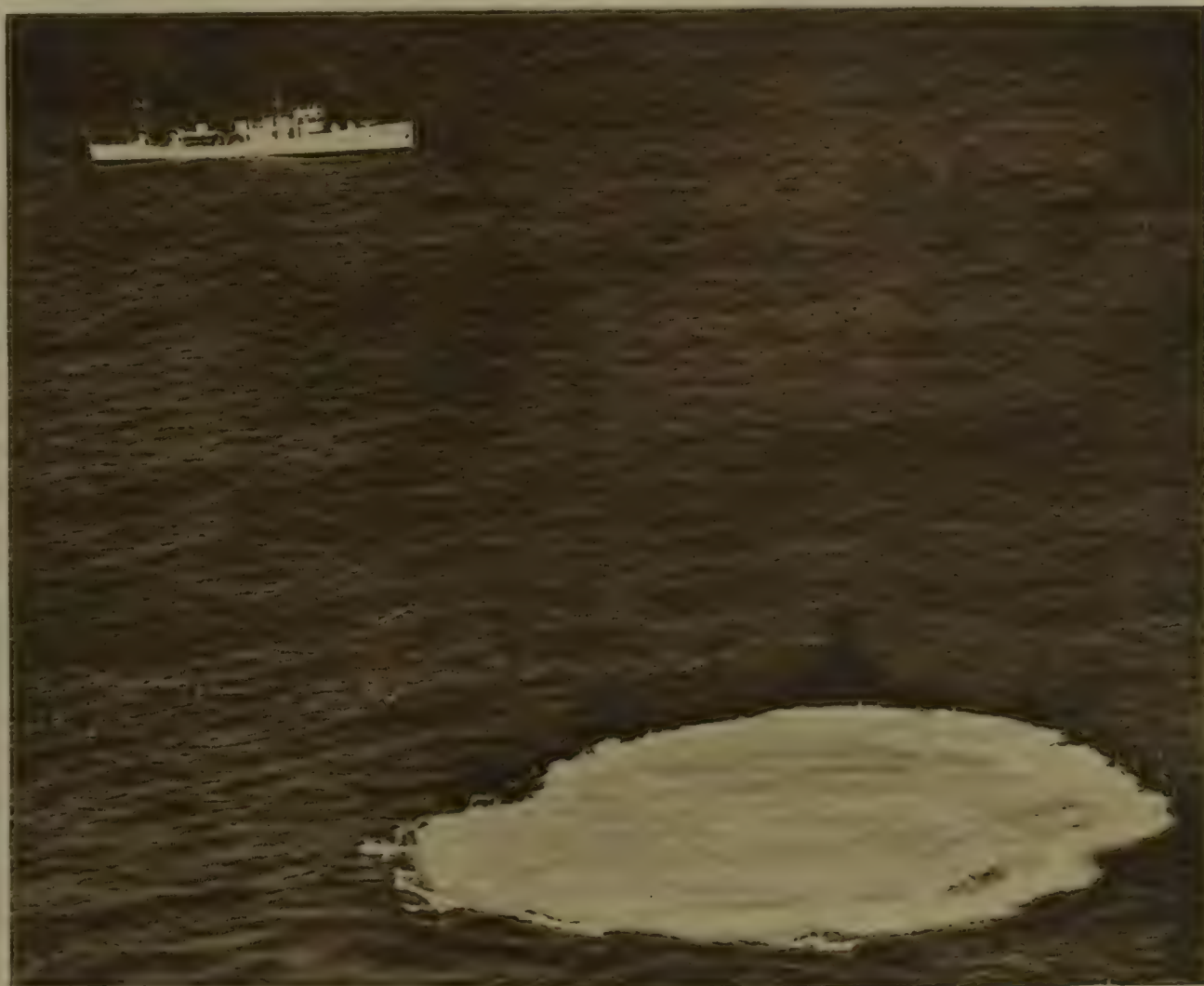
Bratislava, the ancient city upon the Danube, has been the storm centre of the crisis in Slovakia. At the beginning of the troubles, Czech Federal troops came into conflict with the Slovak Hlinka Guards (in effect, Storm Troopers on the Nazi model), while securing key positions in the Slovak capital. Units under the command of General Elias occupied all public buildings, railway stations, and factories where secessionists might establish vantage points. Machine-guns were trained on the Hlinka Guard headquarters. Meanwhile, at a big demonstration, in which Hlinka Guards mingled with members of the German minority,

Herr Karmarsin, State Secretary of the German minority in the Slovak Government, made a loudly applauded speech in which he said the German Reich was watching developments closely. Anti-Czech and pro-German demonstrations continued throughout March 10. Later, the Federal troops withdrew from public buildings in Bratislava; whereupon they were occupied by Hlinka Guards who proceeded to patrol the city in company with German minority Storm Troopers. As we go to press, there are reports of serious disorders in Bratislava, including a number of bomb outrages.



ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN AT SEA: THE LAST OF THE S.S. "LILLIAN"—AN AMAZING RECORD OF THE ACTUAL SINKING OF THE SHIP FOLLOWING A COLLISION WITH THE GERMAN FREIGHTER "WIEGAND"; SHOWING THE IMMENSE SWIRL OF WATER PRODUCED IN A PERFECTLY CALM SEA.

ON Sunday, February 26, in dense fog some 15 miles off the Barnegat light-ship on the New Jersey coast, the American freighter "Lillian" (the Bull Line, 3482 tons) collided with the German freighter "Wiegand" (North German Lloyd Line, 6568 tons). It seemed that the "Lillian" would sink at once; the crew took to the boats, to be picked up an hour or so later by the "Wiegand." The captain and the radio engineer left last: the latter heroically stayed till ankle-deep in the rising water, and tied the signal key down, so that the distress signal and warning continued from an empty ship. But the "Lillian" kept afloat some 20 hours; and the automatic signals went on till, become a problem, the coastguard cutter "Campbell" shot away the aerials at 4 a.m. The first "Lillian" lifeboat reached the "Wiegand" at 8.42 p.m.; the second at 9.27 p.m., finding her by the sound of her siren and her searchlight's pale beams. On Monday, in bright sunlight, and with the heavy seas now smooth, the salvage ship "Relief" started out at 10 a.m. (Previously the coastguard cutter "Icarus" had taken aboard the "Lillian's" captain and sixteen of the crew. They were then transferred to the freighter "Emilia," in readiness to board their ship if saved.) But when the "Relief" was within a hundred yards, the "Lillian" foundered. The "Lillian's" loss was estimated at 200,000 dollars; her cargo of sugar from Puerto Rico at about 400,000 dollars. The "Wiegand," bearing 7500 tons of scrap-iron for Japan, suffered a 12-foot hole in her bow. Astonishingly enough, no lives were lost either in the collision or afterwards.



THE "LILLIAN'S" EPHEMERAL EPITAPH: THE CIRCLE OF BUBBLES AND WHITE WATER MARKING HER FINAL PLUNGE—THE U.S. COASTGUARD CUTTER "ICARUS" BEING SEEN IN THE DISTANCE. (Fox Photos.)

ROYAL EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES OF THE WEEK:

THEIR MAJESTIES' ENGAGEMENTS;
AND THE DUKE OF KENT IN SOMERS TOWN.



THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT THE SITE OF OLD WHITEHALL PALACE: THEIR MAJESTIES, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCESSES, INSPECTING THE EXCAVATIONS.

On March 10 the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, visited the site of old Whitehall Palace. The royal party was shown round by Sir Philip Sassoon, the First Commissioner of Works, who is seen in the above photograph. Our readers will remember that we published photographs showing some of the interesting discoveries made during excavations on the site for a new block of Government offices in our issue of February 25. (*Pictorial News*.)



THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE PRINCESSES AT BROADCASTING HOUSE: THE ROYAL STANDARD FLYING ABOVE THE BUILDING DURING THEIR VISIT. (*A.P.*)



THE ROYAL PARTY IN THE CONTROL-ROOM AT BROADCASTING HOUSE: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES EXAMINING A CONTROL-PANEL. (*Central Press*.)

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, paid an informal visit to Broadcasting House on March 13. Their Majesties were received by Mr. R. C. Norman, Chairman, and Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, Director-General, and the royal party then inspected the studios where programmes were in rehearsal and the control-room. Afterwards they took tea in the Director-General's office and later sat in the balcony of a studio for half an hour watching the Children's Hour broadcast of a "Toy Town" programme which the Princesses had particularly asked to see.



ROYAL INTEREST IN TRANSATLANTIC AVIATION: THE KING AND QUEEN INSPECTING ONE OF THE NEW FLYING-BOATS BUILT SPECIALLY FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC CROSSING.

On March 14 the King and Queen drove from Buckingham Palace to Rochester, Kent, where they visited the aircraft factories of Messrs. Short Bros. They were received by Air-Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman and the Mayor of Rochester. Large crowds cheered them at the works entrance. Our picture shows their Majesties leaving one of the new flying-boats after inspecting its interior. This machine will be used in the Atlantic mail service which will open on June 1. (*P.N.A.*)



THE DUKE OF KENT VISITS A NURSERY SCHOOL IN SOMERS TOWN: H.R.H. SPEAKING TO YOUNG CHILDREN IN A ROOF-GARDEN.

The Duke of Kent visited a nursery school and an occupational centre in Somers Town on March 7. His Royal Highness spent nearly an hour among the children at St. Christopher's Nursery School which, with its roof-garden, is on the top floor of St. Christopher's Flats, Bridgeway Street. Some forty children between the ages of two and five attend there daily, and the Duke of Kent spoke to many of them before leaving to visit Basil Jellicoe Hall. (*Barratt*.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HOW seldom,

in the sea of current literature enisled (I hope everyone will hear the Arnoldian echo!) do we encounter a book that stands up like a beacon light above the dull expanse of mediocrity. In plain English, how few modern books are really *outstanding*. That much-overworked epithet can, I think, be sincerely applied to "THE YOUNG MELBOURNE": And the Story of his Marriage with Caroline Lamb. By David Cecil. With 8 Collotype Plates (Constable; 2s.). This book is distinctive not only for its charm of style, but still more for its power of portraiture, both of the leading personages in the story and of the society which formed the background to the private drama of their lives. Exceptional, too, is the author's grasp of his period, and the historical knowledge that enables him to delineate with so sure a hand the Whig aristocracy of the time in their political as well as their domestic activities.

Accordingly, it is no surprise to learn that Lord David Cecil's "long expected" book is years' intensive study." We are also informed that it is largely based on hitherto unused material, and that of the eight illustrations six have never before been published. Lord David has had access to records that were not available to previous students of the period, and at the head of his long list of authorities stands an imposing group of documents. He has been able to draw upon royal archives at Windsor and records in the British Museum, Lord Melbourne's Papers, the Lamb Papers owned by Lady Salisbury, the Bessborough Papers, and papers preserved at Chatsworth, Panshanger, and Holland House. Besides all these manuscript sources, his bibliography includes a large number of printed books. In the titles of these works, Byron's name occurs more frequently even than that of Lord Melbourne himself—a reflection of the fact that the poet's *amour* with the politician's wife forms the most spectacular episode in a book that is not lacking in echoes of society scandals.

While Lord David, as already noted, provides a full list of his sources of information, he has not to any extent "documented" his book, by footnotes or otherwise, so as to link any particular statement with its relevant authority. He seems to have so steeped himself by his reading in the atmosphere and social events of the time, and so got into the skin of his principal characters, that he has been able to express their thoughts and feelings, besides recording their actions, almost with the ease of a contemporary and an intimate friend. Most of us think of Lord Melbourne (if we think of him at all) as the "wise adviser" of Queen Victoria when she came to the throne. Few recall that, before he inherited his peerage, he had been known for many years as William Lamb. It is with William Lamb, rather than with Lord Melbourne, that the present volume is chiefly concerned. "I trace his story," writes Lord David, "until the age of forty-seven, just before the opening of his active career as a public man. . . . During these formative years he was a passive figure. His story is mainly the story of the influence exerted on his spirit by other characters, and their activities. To understand him, we must understand them. My picture in consequence is not so much a single portrait as a conversation piece."

As an example of Lord David's skill in character-drawing, let us take his vivid portrait of Lady Caroline Ponsonby at the time when she captivated William Lamb and in due course married him. "She was the most dynamic personality," we read, "that had appeared in London society for a generation. Outwardly she had hardly changed since he first met her. Slight, agile, and ethereal, with a wide-eyed wilful little face, and curly short hair, she still looked a child; like something less substantial even—the Sprite," people called her, 'the Fairy Queen, Ariel.' . . . As much as at fourteen she still loved to gallop bareback, to dress up in trousers, to lose herself in daydreams; when the fit took her she screamed and tore her clothes in ungovernable rage. . . . Many people thought her tiresome; even her friends admitted she was difficult. Yet they forgave her everything. The Fairy Queen cast a spell, which, for those on whom it worked, was not to be resisted. It came partly from the sheer spontaneous intensity of her temperament. In each changing mood, her gusts of irresponsible gaiety, the trembling sensibility which responded like a violin string to poetry, music, eloquence, she seemed more alive than other people; and heightened their sense

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

of life by her presence. . . . Lady Melbourne might be more brilliant, the Duchess of Devonshire more winning, Lady Bessborough more intimately lovable; but where in them is to be found this bewitching unexpectedness, this elusive gleam lit at the very torch of will-o'-the-wisp?" Lady Bessborough, by the way, was Caroline's mother.

Conjugal differences between William and Caroline developed some time before Byron appeared on the scene. The Byronic affair, naturally, receives full treatment from the biographer. Summing it up, Lord David writes: "Neither was, in any true sense, in love. Caroline of course thought she was—more than anyone had ever been in love before. And it is true that her emotions were violently agitated. But it was not Byron she cared for; it was his reputation, and still more the idea of herself in love with him. Beautiful, brilliant, seared with the flames of exotic passion, and the most lionized man in

a public

scandal. "It was left to William," we read, "to administer such comfort as could be found. Poor William! One wonders what his thoughts were. But history tantalizingly is silent; and perhaps he never gave them utterance. Throughout the long ordeal of the preceding winter he had maintained to the outward world his shell of apparent indifference. . . . Caroline professed herself very much hurt, that he, in particular, should not have fought a duel on her behalf; she said that it would have brought her back to him. And it is possible that some such picturesque-gesture might for a moment have revived her romantic interest. But it was not in William to make gestures. . . . All the same, he would not cut himself completely free of her. . . . To William it was acutely painful that his own mother should have so little sense of his feelings as to conspire against his wife with that wife's lover. Only here again affection made him put the chief responsibility on Byron. With the sharp eye of hatred, he penetrated, as Lady Melbourne had failed to do, the essential duplicity of Byron's character. 'He was treacherous beyond conception,' he said in later years."

As already mentioned, the book leaves Lord Melbourne, at forty-seven, on the threshold of his fame as a statesman; but, in conclusion, the author gives a brilliant analysis of his character in that capacity. This chapter, on "the finished product," shows how his easy-going tolerance was carried into public affairs. He had always preferred the middle course, and the avoidance of trouble. Thus he had once written, apparently soon after Waterloo: "In Europe I am for an immediate settlement even though that settlement be full of errors and imperfections; because I cannot but think I perceive that every fresh struggle and convulsion in France or Spain or elsewhere, only terminates in impairing and diminishing justice, liberty and all real rights, or rather the real interests of mankind."

Again, explaining Melbourne's philosophy in later years, Lord David writes: "Life was an insoluble conundrum; and all that a sensible man could do was to try and get through it with as little unpleasantness to himself, and everyone else, as possible; in private to be considerate and detached, in public to do what little he could to guide the world down its uncharted course with the minimum of friction. This generally involved doing very little. It certainly meant refusing to risk an immediate disturbance for the sake of a problematical future good. . . . His philosophy hampered his power of action. It was not that he was weak; as his friends were always complaining. On the contrary, no one could act more vigorously once he was convinced he was right. The trouble was that he was seldom so convinced. He saw every question from so many sides, most problems seemed to him so hopeless of solution, that he was generally for doing nothing at all."

I have been industriously studying two other interesting biographies in which occur various allusions to Lord Melbourne in his later days, but, having already filled my allotted space, I must unfortunately hold them over. One of these books is "A VANISHED VICTORIAN." Being the Life of George Villiers, Fourth Earl of Clarendon, 1800-1870. By his grandson, George Villiers. With 8 Illustrations (Byre and Spottiswoode; 18s.). The other is "OTHO I.: KING OF GREECE." By Leonard Bower and Gordon Bolitho. With 9 Illustrations (Selwyn and Blount; 10s. 6d.). Geographically, but not chronologically, akin to the last-named work is an attractive travel-book, "EAST OF ATHENS." By Eric Gifford. With 11 Illustrations (John Gifford; 12s. 6d.). The externals and accessories of life, such as costume, buildings, furniture, machinery and so on, of a type familiar to Lord Melbourne, and to Lord Clarendon in his younger days, are recorded and illustrated in a revised second edition of that familiar work, "A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND." Written and illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Part III. The Rise of Industrialism, 1733-1851. With 187 Illustrations, including several in colour (Batsford; 8s. 6d.). Part I. of the same work, of which a copy also recently came to hand, is now in its 3rd edition, revised. It covers the period 1066 to 1499, and has 40 Plates with 136 other Illustrations (Batsford; 8s. 6d.).



A NEW ACQUISITION AT THE TORONTO ART GALLERY: "PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN," BY FRANS HALS (1580?-1666). (CANVAS: 40 BY 50 INCHES. INSCRIBED "AETATIS SVAE—1648" AND WITH THE MONOGRAM "FH.")

Through the generosity of a number of its friends, the Toronto Art Gallery recently acquired the "Portrait of a Gentleman," by Frans Hals, which was formerly in the Collection of Charles M. Schwab. The portrait is probably the pendant of the "Portrait of a Woman" in the Boston Museum (U.S.A.), for they are of the same size and date, and are painted in a very similar way. It was exhibited in London in 1935, and in the "Frans Hals" Exhibition in the Netherlands in 1937. — [Photograph lent by Messrs. M. Knoedler and Company and reproduced by Courtesy of the Toronto Art Gallery. Copyright Reserved.]

England, he was everything she had all her life been seeking. . . . Byron was less self-deceived. He knew quite well he was not in love. Caroline was everything he liked least in women, stormy, clever, and unfashionably thin; 'I am haunted by a skeleton,' he once remarked. But he had not the strength to withstand her; and he never could refuse the chance of a conquest. . . . Society was presented with the extraordinary spectacle of a love drama, performed in the most flamboyant, romantic manner by two raging egotists, each of whom was, in fact, wholly absorbed in self."

Equally penetrating is the author's analysis of the injured husband's behaviour. It was not heroic, but tolerant, perhaps magnanimous, and he certainly cuts a better figure than Byron. The inevitable quarrel between the lovers reached its climax in the notorious scene at a ball, where Caroline, stung by Byron's sarcasm, gashed herself with glass and a pair of scissors, thus creating

THE MEDICI: AN EXHIBITION DEVOTED TO THE MAKERS OF FLORENCE.



THREE FINE PORTRAITS IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES AND HISTORICAL RELICS RELATING TO THE HOUSE OF MEDICI, WHICH OPENS AT FLORENCE ON MARCH 30: LEFT, "COSIMO I. AT THE AGE OF TWELVE," BY GHIRLANDAIO; CENTRE, MARIE DE' MEDICI, QUEEN OF FRANCE, BY FRANÇOIS POURBUS THE YOUNGER; AND CATHERINE DE' MEDICI, QUEEN OF FRANCE.



THE MEDICI PALACE IN THE 15TH CENTURY; DEPICTED IN A PAINTING BY FRANCESCO GRANACCI SHOWING THE ENTRY OF THE FRENCH KING CHARLES VIII. INTO FLORENCE.

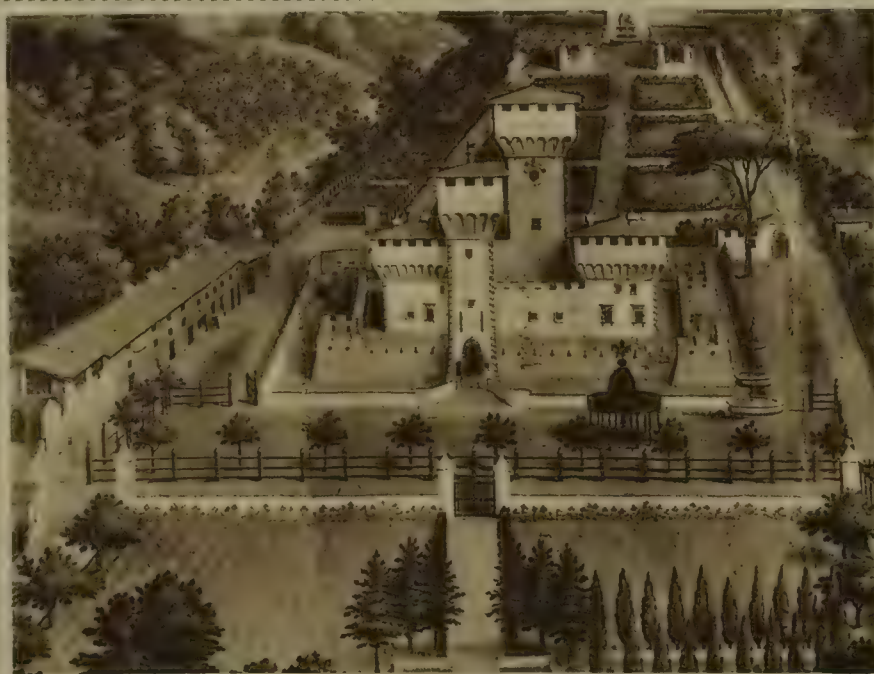
MOST FAMOUS
OF ALL THE
MEDICI:
LORENZO THE
MAGNIFICENT,
WHO
PRACTICALLY
RULED
FLORENCE
FROM 1469
TILL 1492.



THE LAST OF THE MEDICI: ANNA MARIA LUISA, ELECTRESS PALATINE (DIED 1743), WHO BEQUEATHED THE TREASURES OF UFFIZI AND PITTI GALLERIES TO TUSCANY.

DURING this spring and summer, the Municipality of Florence, with the co-operation and encouragement of the Italian Government, will hold an exhibition illustrating all the widespread activities of the House of Medici, as merchants, bankers, politicians and, above all, as discriminating patrons of the Fine Arts. In 1421 Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici, a member of the "popolani grassi," or rich bourgeoisie, held office as Gonfalonier of Justice in Florence. In 1569, 148 years later, his direct descendant, Cosimo I., became Hereditary Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Grand Duke was blood relative to the Royal Houses of France and England. The family's advancement was unparalleled in the history of any European house. The Medici enriched their native city with the works of Donatello, Fra Filippo, Botticelli and

(Continued below.)



A MEDICI COUNTRY HOUSE: THE VILLA AT CAFAGGIOLO NEAR FLORENCE, AS IT APPEARED AT THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY; BY THE FLEMISH PAINTER GEORGE UTENS.

Verrocchio. Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo, Vasari, and Benvenuto Cellini were their protégés. There were, moreover, countless others of lesser renown, craftsmen who wrought works of beauty with jewels, gold, silver, marble, silk, wood, earthenware, paint, ink and parchment. The Medici fostered and encouraged the Humanist and Platonic Schools of philosophy, subsidised writers and employed the best copyists on the multiplication of books, before the advent of the printing press. They collected the works of the dead, but in their generosity to the living

lies their greatest glory. This spring a tide of Medicean treasure will flow back again to Florence, including books, paintings, manuscripts, jewels, sculptures, brocades and weapons from museums, churches, and collections, public and private, throughout Europe. For the most part the exhibits will be housed in the Medici Palace (Via Cavour), which Michelozzo built for Cosimo the Elder in the middle of the fourteenth century. The ground floor and the first floor are very little changed since Cosimo's day. There is not space here in which to indicate a

(Continued opposite.)

MEDICI SPLENDOUR: RELICS OF A GREAT LINE EXHIBITED AT FLORENCE.



MEDICEAN JEWELLERY: PENDANTS AND OTHER ORNAMENTS FASHIONED IN A WEALTH OF QUAINT CONCEITS FOR THE ELECTRESS PALATINE, ANNA MARIA L'ISA.



(ABOVE.)
THE FARNESE
VASE:
A TREASURE
ACQUIRED BY
LORENZO THE
MAGNIFICENT.



ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE FARNESE VASE; WHICH BEARS AN ALLEGORY OF THE NILE (SEEN IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE ON RIGHT), AND THE HEAD OF MEDUSA SEEN HERE.



THE JEWELLED PAPAL MITRE OF GIOVANNI DE' MEDICI, WHO WAS MADE POPE IN 1513, AND ASSUMED THE STYLE OF LEO X.; HAVING PREVIOUSLY BEEN IN POWER AT FLORENCE.

Continued.]
tithe of the objects to be assembled. Suffice it to mention Botticelli's "Pallas," the portraits of Cosimo, Lorenzo "il Magnifico," Catherine and Marie, the Medicean Queens of France, manuscripts literary and political, even the books of the Medici bank on which the greatness of the House was founded. Loans from England include a Benozzo Gozzoli drawing from the Earl of Harewood, and a François Clouet Medici portrait from Castle Howard. The Council hope to attract many visitors from England. English history has a number of links with

that of Florence. These links are recalled every time we handle a two-shilling piece. For Crecy and Poitiers could never have been won if Edward III.'s treasure chests had not been as well filled with "florins" as his archers' quivers with arrows. He enjoyed the financial co-operation of the Bardi and Peruzzi of Florence, who, in return, obtained a virtual monopoly of the English wool trade to Italy. Another link is provided by Sir John Hawkwood, the English *condottiere*, who commanded the Republic's forces at the end of the fourteenth century.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"TROIS VALSES."

THE latest French importation at the Curzon is a screen version of the very successful operetta "Trois Valses" that ran for a year at the Bouffes Parisiens. After an interruption to enable the company to make the picture, the operetta has been revived, with the result that stage-play and film are now competing in friendly rivalry. Both, we are told, are enjoying a tremendous vogue in Paris. The story of "Trois Valses" might be summed up as backstage romance, were it not that its conflict between three generations of stage-folk and of aristocrats reflects the change in social standards of to-day and yesterday, and

of a mannerism, the gay 'nineties are close at hand to brush the veil aside and to take on sharper contours, whilst 1939 steps into the glare of its arc and floodlights. For all that, Dr. Berger has a decided predilection for chiaroscuro, for the unusual camera-angle and definitely pictorial groupings, all of which are by no means out of place within the framework of an operetta. It is, indeed, a compliment to the warm reality and interpretation of this charming and elegant picture that the strength of its theme rises superior to the ornate and admittedly very handsome trappings of a musical romance, sustaining the dramatic interest, whilst the ear and the eye are beguiled by music and *décors*.

"LES GENS DU VOYAGE."

M. Jacques Feyder's excursion into the field of robust melodrama has resulted in a field-day for his wife, that fine actress, Mademoiselle Françoise Rosay. "Les Gens du Voyage"

welcome from his wife, the lion-tamer. It includes, too, the romance of the lion-tamer's son and Barlay's daughter, frowned on by the bumptious "boss," and nearly wrecked by his precocious and malicious younger daughter. It leads to a chase over the roofs of Paris in the wake of the convict, who is permitted a final heroic gesture *à la Hollywood*, and it winds up with the birth of a baby that reconciles an angry parent with an errant daughter and her lover. It has, in short, all the popular elements of a vigorous yarn of the circus, with interludes in the ring, and the bold splendour inherent in a subject developed to the tune of ringing hammers, the "big cats" snarling in their cages, and the plaudits of the crowded audiences beneath the floodlights of the giant tent. M. Feyder, dealing with people who are primitively passionate, easily moved to jealousy, anger and love, tells his story frankly and fills in his large canvas with fine pictorial effects. But the main interest of the picture centres in the character of Flora, to the extent of overshadowing the affairs of lovers and crooks. Flora is superb. It is a bravura part, and Mademoiselle Rosay plays it with immense gusto. She strides through the action in trousers, in breeches, or in the tights of the *dompteuse*, a match for any man, be he an unwanted husband or an angry father. She cracks her



"LES GENS DU VOYAGE" AT THE ACADEMY: SUZANNE (LOUISE CARLETTI), WITH MME. FLORA (FRANÇOISE ROSAY), THE WOMAN LION-TAMER.

"Les Gens du Voyage" is a film about circus people. Françoise Rosay plays the part of a woman lion-tamer who cares for her absent son's sweetheart, Yvonne, the daughter of a hostile circus owner. The jealousy of Yvonne's young sister, Suzanne, complicates the position. The film is reviewed on this page.

the breaking-down of class barriers which seemed insuperable in the 'sixties, when Fanny Grandpré, prima ballerina of the Paris Opera House, sacrificed her love for the Marquis Octave de Chalency, in order to safeguard his military career. Obviously both lovers found consolation elsewhere, for at the end of the 'nineties Fanny's sprightly daughter, Yvette, in her turn the rage of Paris, meets Octave's son, Philippe, and this time it is the actress whose career stands in the way of marital felicity. Yvette prefers the stage and the limelight to wedded bliss and retirement. Once again the curtain falls, to rise on the world of the present day. Faun's granddaughter, a film-star about to embark on a picture presenting "Le Roman de Fanny Grandpré," discovers in her partner none other than the third de Chalency eking out a precarious existence as an insurance agent, but cast for the part of his grandfather by an astute old producer, who, since we saw him handling the affairs of the lovely ballerina of the 'sixties, is presumably qualifying for a centenarian's honours. However, he cackles delightedly from his bath-chair as he watches love's young dream emerge from lovers' quarrels, and knows that at long last a de Chalency and a Grandpré have met on equal terms, with no prejudices to prevent their happiness.

The music, by Mr. Oscar Straus, with excerpts from the works of the two Johanns (Strauss), is skilfully interwoven into the fabric of the play, forming a melodious pattern that follows the dramatic convolutions closely and fluently. Mademoiselle Yvonne Printemps, the heroine of all three episodes, glides gracefully into song both on and off the stage, as it were, with no perceptible break in the action. She is enchanting in her brilliantly differentiated portrayals of the Grandprés—the tender, romantic Fanny, the high-spirited Yvette, and the temperamental Irène, *bonne fille* at heart, but living up to the public's notion of a popular film-star. M. Pierre Fresnay, with less opportunities to ring the changes in his cameos of the gallant de Chalencys, lends distinction and a quiet authority to all three of them, whilst M. Henri Guisole, as the finally very ancient impresario, responds admirably to the satirical treatment of the last chapter, in which the hectic atmosphere of a film studio is established with caustic humour.

The director, Dr. Ludwig Berger, has realised the varying moods of his three periods as much by lighting as by the careful detail of his fine staging. The camera-work, in the hands of M. Schuftan, is particularly interesting: it lends to the sentimental 'sixties, the stately and decorative epoch of the third Napoleon, a gentle and rather remote veneer with a good deal of shadow-play and only occasional shafts of bright light. This subdued effect is deliberate in its purpose, and if it has a tendency to become something

(Academy) is her picture from first to last. This tale of the travelling showfolk of the circus includes an escaped convict who, after sixteen years in Cayenne, seeks refuge in Barlay's circus, and finds a tolerant, if not an affectionate,



"TROIS VALSES," AT THE CURZON: FANNY GRANDPRÉ (YVONNE PRINTEMPS), THE PRIMA BALLERINA WHOSE LOVE-AFFAIR WITH THE MARQUIS DE CHALENCY IN 1867 ENDS UNHAPPILY.

"Trois Valses" has been revived on the stage in Paris and the screen version may now be seen at the Curzon. The story deals with the love-affairs of Fanny Grandpré, of her daughter and her granddaughter with three de Chalencys. Yvonne Printemps plays the parts of the three girls.

whip at her great beasts and puts them through their paces as to the manner born. Gallant, bluff and hearty, she epitomises the spirit and the pluck of the circus-folk in a picture that is a tribute to her versatility.

"I MET A MURDERER."

From the vast scale of M. Jacques Feyder's melodrama of the "big top" and the fastidious elegancies of Dr. Ludwig Berger's "Trois Valses" to the simplicity and open-air settings of "I Met a Murderer" (Marble Arch Pavilion) is a far cry. Yet this first "Gamma" production, presented by Grand National Pictures, compresses into its small compass (it runs for barely over an hour) so much drama and tragic poignancy that it can hold its own with far more ambitious films. "I Met a Murderer" demonstrates the value of close co-operation between director, scenario-writers and players. It was produced, directed and photographed by Mr. Roy Kellino. The story was written by Mrs. Kellino and the leading actor, Mr. James Mason, who, with Mr. Kellino, is responsible for the screen play. Such combined and very personal effort endows the piece with an emotional honesty and a feeling of being something actually experienced that draws the onlooker into the very heart of a tragedy enacted under smiling skies in the ironical serenity of the English countryside. In its opening and its closing chapters it achieves a poignant reality from which there is no escape. It deals with the fate of a young farmer who is goaded into the murder of his shrewish, slatternly wife, with his flight, his brief respite when a chance encounter of the road provides a haven, and the final chase that drives him to his death in a quiet sea. Mr. Mason plays the murderer with a sensitive touch that makes his easy acceptance of the intervening idyll with a novelist (Pamela Kellino) hard to believe in, and a fox-hunt that coincides dramatically with his last bid for freedom seems to forestall by at least a month the opening of the hunting season. But these are minor considerations eclipsed by Mr. Kellino's taut and interesting direction and economy of speech. Miss Sylvia Coleridge's portrait of the wife is remarkable, and Mr. William Devlin, as her brother, heightens the suspense of the first scene by the mute eloquence of his unvoiced suspicions.



"LOUISE": JULIEN (GEORGES THILL), WITH LOUISE (GRACE MOORE) AND LUCIENNE (GINETTE LECLERC).

"Louise," a new French film based on the opera of the same name by Gustave Charpentier, will shortly be presented at the Carlton Theatre. The story concerns a working-girl, Louise, who falls in love with an artist. Her father does not approve, and she leaves her family. Louise is happy with the artist but reproaches herself for leaving her father and returns home. She is forgiven, but is unable to forget her life with her lover, and once more goes to him.

This England . . .



Sussex Downs—Nr. Brighton

THIS is the ancient Saxon *lenct-monat*, the month of Spring. Now in your walks you find, upon the warm side of the little wood, that sweetly humble link twixt snowdrop shy and flaming crocus—the English primrose. Here now is promise, to shepherd and hind and green-starved cit, of the great rhythmic quickening. Winter reluctant, turns to chill us with his gusty breath, but farmers heed it not—the gales take off the surplus moisture and the once-bound earth turns freely to the plough, the filth is good. Sowing is near: so lift your Worthington—gleaming with sunshine from the bygone year—and toast the “seed-beds”. May the barley strike and thrust to bearded beauty without “weathering”—and so be garnered safely for our future brews.





WE are a suspicious people, and are liable to see "uplift," in the strictest American sense of the word, in the aims of an organisation calling itself "The Anglo-French Art and Travel Society." The reaction of the average Englishman is to shy away, rather like a little dog which comes suddenly upon a brown-paper parcel lying in the middle of an accustomed road; he is curious about it, but doesn't care to approach too closely. But if the Society's name may seem a trifle alarming to the tender susceptibilities of the insular, its works are not. It now adds to its manifold activities on behalf of Anglo-French understanding a care-free, light-hearted exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, the chief part of which consists of French caricatures, from 1750 to 1850, with, as a makeweight, a selection of prints from Mr. Minto Wilson's collection of English caricatures, mostly of a few years before and after 1800, and—in a small room off the main gallery—a few drawings by Daumier, Guys and their contemporaries.

The contrast between ourselves and the French in this respect is eloquent, and it might as well be admitted at once—by no means to our advantage. Your true satirist must possess enormous

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A CENTURY OF FRENCH CARICATURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

and the legend of his active part in the American War of Independence. The king, as bourgeois a figure as ever lived, is pretending to weep at the funeral passes, but is actually laughing. The highly idiomatic "Enfoncé Lafayette!... Attrappe, mon vieux!" can, perhaps, be rendered "Done you, Lafayette!... Caught out, old fellow!" A lighter aspect of this really great man's genius is charmingly illustrated by the 1843

London" (1825). The latter is a particularly delightful draughtsman, not great, but quietly competent, and gifted with a dry sense of humour which we like to think is peculiarly our own; Fig. 2, for example, shows him at his best. It is one of a series of six lithographs of 1827, representing Six Paris Districts. There is nothing forced about this little scene of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, yet how vivid it is! What a perfect snapshot of the sedate, respectable, comfortable, *bien ordonné* life of its inhabitants!

The show, as a whole, provides a remarkable commentary upon the manners of a long period. What is yet more remarkable is the general kindness of the caricaturists' comments upon ourselves. The Englishman abroad does not invariably behave like Sir Galahad, and when one remembers that the Napoleonic wars only came to an end in 1815, it is a feather in our cap, and two in that of the French, that almost immediately caricatures of English visitors should be so agreeable: pungent, yes, but hostile, no. I'm thinking of one especially: "Promenade Anglaise," by C. Vernet, showing a big, solemn, puzzled Englishman, obviously out of his element in foreign parts, but it is entirely good-humoured and not in the least unfair.

The organisers have obviously taken great pains to choose the finest examples of the various prints, and have been able to obtain contributions from the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Musée



1. "ENFONCÉ LAFAYETTE!... ATTRAPPE, MON VIEUX!": A LITHOGRAPH BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-1879) DEPICTING KING LOUIS PHILIPPE PRETENDING TO WEEP AT THE FUNERAL OF LAFAYETTE. (1834.)



2. ONE OF A SERIES OF LITHGRAPHS REPRESENTING SIX PARIS DISTRICTS IN 1827: "LE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN"; BY EUGÈNE LAMI (1800-1890).

An exhibition which represents a century of French caricature, 1750-1850, was opened by the French Ambassador, M. Corbin, at the New Burlington Galleries on March 10. It has been arranged by the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society and also includes some English caricatures of the Napoleonic period.

technical ability, plus moral indignation—and he must use his pencil like a rapier. Our Cruikshank and Gillray, for all their vigour and inventiveness, use a bludgeon. They are gross, coarse, downright knock-about comedians (and could be yet more coarse than is allowed to appear in this exhibition), and could be very, very funny, but there is little of the Attic salt of wit in their broad humour, and though they shout loudly at vice, they are not really indignant. Nor, indeed, is Rowlandson, but in his case fine draughtsmanship makes up for a certain lack of sincerity: he is the laughing philosopher, not a true satirist at all in the grimly serious sense, and, as such, he receives the sincerest possible flattery in a beautiful print by Debucourt, "La Promenade Publique" (1792), which is admirable Rowlandson translated into the French tongue.

I suggest one of the finest of all political lampoons is Fig. 1, the lithograph by Daumier—marvellous technical skill allied to the essential moral indignation. The date is 1834, and the occasion the funeral of Lafayette. King Louis Philippe was thought to be greatly relieved at the death of Lafayette, with his Republican sympathies

lithograph from *Le Charivari* (Fig. 3)—in itself a delightful commentary upon the troubles of railway travel at the time—which has all the delicacy and sense of form of a Japanese print of the best period. It is remarkable how non-essentials have been eliminated and how the pattern of a few black hats makes the picture.

The intensity, power and admirable conciseness of Daumier are beautifully displayed and



3. RAILWAY TRAVEL IN 1843: "UN VOYAGE D'AGRÉMENT DE PARIS À ORLÉANS"; A LITHOGRAPH BY HONORÉ DAUMIER FROM "LE CHARIVARI."

This lithograph represents a lighter aspect of Daumier's genius and provides a delightful commentary on the troubles of railway travel at that time. A passenger remarks: "Saperlotte quelle trempée!... Il ne m'arrivera plus de prendre un wagon non couvert quand le ciel l'est beaucoup trop!"

Carnavalet, and many private collections: the early coloured aquatints are as near perfection as is possible. Fine though these are, the thoughtful visitor will probably agree that French caricaturists really found themselves in lithography, as if the freedom implicit in drawing direct upon stone gave them the necessary freedom of thought for adequate self-expression. Perhaps this is rather overstating the case—Daumier would, no doubt, have been Daumier had he commented upon life in newspapers in another medium. Nevertheless, there is something to be said for the theory. How agreeably they make fun of themselves! From the brilliant "Les Badauds" (The Loungers), by Daumier—a few figures leaning over the parapet of the Seine, watching a little man fishing from a barge—to the vivid military scene by the scarcely known Auguste Raffet: the troops standing knee high in water, and the caption, "The enemy does not know we're there: it's seven o'clock—we'll surprise him to-morrow at four in the morning." The whole exhibition is delightful, good-tempered, easy, and very amusing; and to enjoy it one need not know anything about art, and may care even less.



4. "THE ENEMY DOES NOT KNOW WE'RE THERE: IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK—WE'LL SURPRISE HIM TO-MORROW AT FOUR IN THE MORNING": AN AMUSING MILITARY SCENE BY AUGUSTE RAFFET (1804-1860).

have a wall to themselves. Minor figures of singular attractiveness share less important positions in the gallery. Gavarni, for example, with his "Englishmen at Home," Monnier and Lami, with their "Journey to

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**DEPENDABILITY — PERFORMANCE
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

FOR some reason best known to themselves the members of the Junior Car Club wish to change the title of their organisation. I expect that the general public will be surprised at such a course, considering the Club's excellent reputation for promoting really interesting sporting events. One would rather have thought that such goodwill which goes with its name should have persuaded its members to retain it. It seems but yesterday to me when, in March 1919, it changed its original title of the Cyclecar Club to the Junior Car Club, to indicate its desire to show the world the value of the then novelty, the "light car" of under 12 h.p. or thereabouts. To-day it can look back and realise how well it succeeded, by the huge number of 8-h.p. and 10-h.p. cars now on our roads.

As, however, so many members own large cars, I presume they shy at "Junior." Well, as one of the early members of the J.C.C. after the war, when I owned the first 10-h.p. Fiat in this country, in the Club's struggling days, I suggest that now, when it has centres in London, the South-West (Hampshire), Liverpool and North Wales, the Midlands (Birmingham), and Yorkshire (Leeds), it might call itself "The County Car Club," and embrace all the districts of the United Kingdom.

I hope all our new Easter motorists have joined the Automobile Association, which gives real value for its small annual subscription and entrance-fee. I was rather surprised that no one seemed to realise that it was the A.A. which arranged and planned the route from London to Cape Town for Symons and Browning when they made their record speed journey there recently. I do not believe they could have accomplished it at all but for the letters from the A.A. they carried as introductions, and the help of the East African A.A., who worked with our Automobile Association in giving information as to replenishing, best roads, and the thousand-and-one items you have to settle before you start, to make a success of such a trip. I do



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know that the best men of the A.A. touring department devoted a whole month to the job of collecting the cross-country maps of the route and arranging details.

To-day, motorists can go to the A.A. and get a route from London to any spot on the globe available by car. And the best and correct route, too; its possible resting-places, replenishing depots, and passports required; as well as information in regard to ferries, steam-boats, and weather conditions in the various seasons.

Brooklands motor-racing season started on March 11, to be followed by the Junior Car Club speed meeting there on March 25, followed by the usual Easter Monday racing on April 10. The British Racing Drivers' Club start their programme at Donington Park with the British Empire Trophy race on Saturday, April 1. This event will begin at 2.30 p.m., and run over 64 laps of the Donington Park Course Tourist Trophy circuit of 3 miles 220 yards. This is a race of many prizes, as, besides the winning car

[Continued overleaf.]

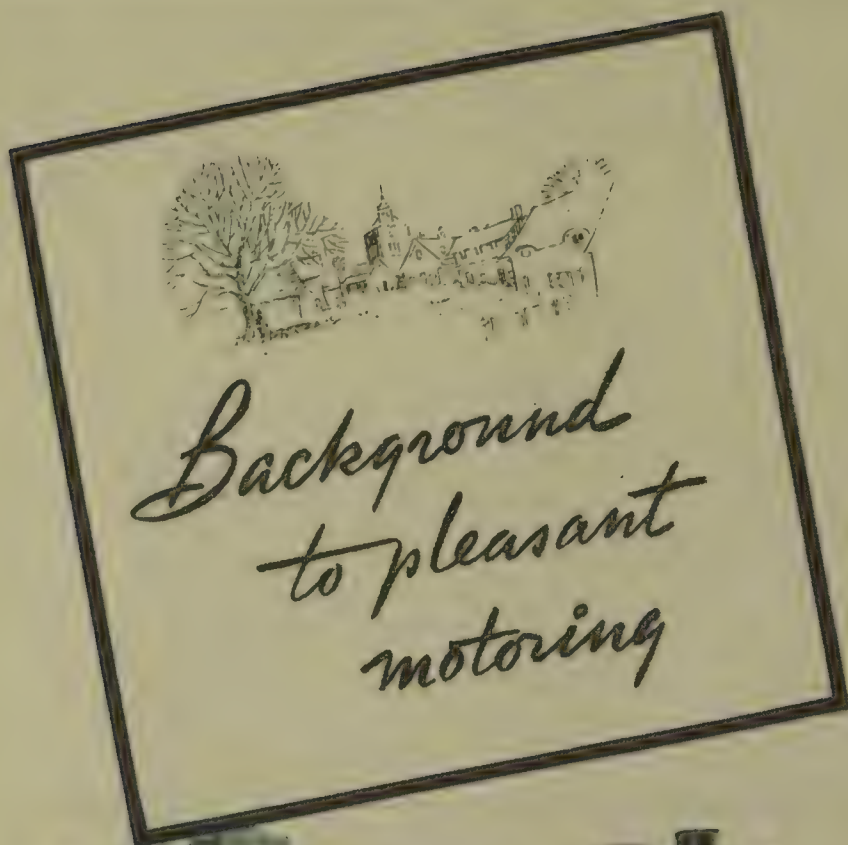


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gaining the British Empire Trophy and £250 presented by Lord Wakefield of Hythe, the second car gets the "Canada" Trophy and £100; that placed third the "Australia" Trophy and £50; and the fourth car the "India" Trophy and £25. Class winners not in this prize-list receive £25 each; the driver of the first British car to finish, £100, presented by Joseph Lucas, Ltd.; the first member of the B.R.D.C. to finish, the Fairfield Memorial Trophy; and there is a team prize and awards to the drivers of the team, and plaques (medallions) to the drivers of all cars finishing.

The entries will be divided into three groups: A, up to 1500 c.c. unsupercharged and 1100 c.c. supercharged; B, up to 4000 c.c. unsupercharged and up to 1500 c.c. supercharged; and C, over 4000 c.c. unsupercharged and over 1500 c.c. supercharged. The handicap is: Group C, at scratch; Group B, receive one lap start; Group A, receive four laps start; founded on the expectation that the scratch cars can average a speed of 76½ m.p.h. round this course; that Group B cars will average 75.15 m.p.h.; and Group C average 71.66 m.p.h.



A MODEL NOTED FOR ITS VERY FINE AND EFFORTLESS ROAD PERFORMANCE:
A HUMBER "IMPERIAL" SALOON ON THE QUAYSIDE AT MONTE CARLO.

The Road Racing Club have cancelled the Coronation Trophy Race scheduled for April 15, and open their season at the Crystal Palace road circuit with the race for the Sydenham Trophy on May 20.

I suppose motorists have some sort of legitimate grumble when they encounter a toll-gate in their path nowadays, though personally I welcome them as indicating a quiet road where you may take your time and see the scenery without running undue risks. One of the few remaining gates in England is that at Kerne Bridge, at Goodrich, Gloucestershire. It is one of the routes used by tourists in the Wye Valley district, and does save a long roundabout journey. This toll-gate got into the News (with a capital "N") recently when seven children stayed at home from school because they had to pay a penny a day to get to the school-house. As a result of this "stay-at-home" strike, the children's toll is being paid by the school authorities. In the meantime, this has stirred up local motorists to make an effort to get Kerne Bridge freed from tolls.

Easter is a period of the year when a number of new cars make their first appearance on the road, and so, naturally, their owners drive them at a rather slower speed than the general rate of motor traffic. I must appeal to motorists for courtesy to be paid to these sluggish (apparently) drivers who are running-in



PROVIDING ECONOMICAL TRANSPORT FOR THE FAMILY MOTORIST WITH A BETTER PERFORMANCE THAN IS USUALLY FOUND WITH THIS TYPE OF CAR: THE NEW FOUR-SEATER B.S.A. "SCOUT" SALOON, WHICH IS PRICED AT £196.

their cars. They are far too fond of making abusive remarks to drivers ambling along—"slow-coaches" is a mild term. Also, it is not every motorist who wants to hurry to his destination. Drivers to-day can see little beyond the road in front of them, due to the additional risks caused by the greater number of road-users. Speed is all right when you have to cover a distance; but pleasure motoring is better attained at a slow pace than at a fast one.

Are our modern motorists ceasing to travel in their cars for pure pleasure, or are they using them merely as transport? The question is raised because I have heard several motorists grumbling in the smoking-room of the club that petrol-tanks in cars are not large enough, as generally 200 miles is the extreme limit of their journey before they have to stop to refill. Of course, this depends a good deal on the car, but there are cars which have tanks large enough to hold sufficient fuel for the car to travel over 300 miles without a halt. Most drivers prefer to have a stop after driving over 100 miles, however fast their car may be, and most folk expect to pull up on a 400-mile journey two or three times at least, so there should be little to grumble at in having to take aboard more petrol at such halts. I mention 400 miles, as that is the distance from London to Glasgow and Edinburgh, a sort of journey motorists frequently make. They seem to average about 40 miles an hour all the way.



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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

LOCARNO AND LUGANO.

IN Southern Switzerland, in the lower portion of Canton Tessin, where, in scarcely thirty miles you descend from the heart of the Alps to an altitude of six hundred feet (the lowest part of Switzerland), you find weather conditions rivalling those of the Riviera. The mild climate and abundant sunshine result in luxuriant sub-tropical vegetation, so that the olive and cypress, camphor and eucalyptus, camellia and magnolia, azalea and aloe, orange and oleander flourish with varieties of palm—a delightful contrast to the chestnut groves of the higher districts of the Tessin, and to the mountainous firs, pines and edelweiss! As with the climate and vegetation, so with the people and architecture. You find an approximation to the Italian type, and mostly you will hear the Italian language spoken. Villages of brightly-coloured stone cluster round a pretty little church with a graceful spire, and there is a high standard of artistic taste.

Whilst its countryside retains its great charm, and its towns are rich in historical associations, Tessin is well organised for the tourist: hotels that are amongst the best in the country, good train services, first-class roads linking up the most remote villages, and funiculars to the chief mountain view-points. Its two leading resorts, Locarno and Lugano, are among the most enterprising of Switzerland. Locarno has a splendidly sheltered position at the northern end of Lake Maggiore. Fully open to the sun, it lies around a wide gulf at the foot of the slopes of the Southern Alps, the high mountains cutting off north winds. It is fourteen miles south-west of Bellinzona,



WITH THE TREES AND WHITE VILLAS OF MONTE BRÈ IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE: ROMANTICALLY SITUATED LUGANO.

Photograph by H. Ruedi; reproduced by Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railways.

the picturesque capital of Canton Tessin. Its accessibility and climate played, perhaps, a part in determining it as the scene of the conference, in 1925, which resulted in the signing of the Locarno Pact. It has an old quarter of mediaeval buildings, arcades and narrow alleys, and an ancient castle, dating back to the days when the celebrated family of Visconti, rulers of Milan, held Locarno. The monastery of Madonna del Sasso contains many treasures of art, whilst from the heights on which it stands there is an extensive view of Lake Maggiore. Locarno has a casino, a theatre, concerts and dancing, a fine Lido, and good facilities for golf, tennis, boating and fishing.

Among the delightful walks in the neighbourhood is that to charming Ascona, with Monte Verità on the heights above, a little paradise among the hills. Then you



ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPES OF THE ALPS: THE DELIGHTFUL RESORT OF LOCARNO.

Photograph by Steinemann; reproduced by Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railways.

can go by electric train to Centovalli and Valle Maggia, by cable railway to Madonna del Sasso, and by motor service to Brissago, the most southerly of the Swiss resorts on Lake Maggiore. Brissago has an interesting parish church, and there is a good steamer service which enables visits to be made to the Italian resorts of Stresa, Pallanza, and the Borromean Isles. Lugano is magnificently situated on the shore of Lake Lugano, between Monte San Salvatore (3000 ft.) and Monte Brè (3060 ft.). Extremely Italian in appearance and character, the older part of the town, on high ground, has arcaded streets, the 'cathedral of San Lorenzo, with a richly-decorated façade, and a church, Santa Maria degli Angioli (1499), which contains several frescoes painted by Bernardino Luini (1529-39). A funicular connects the railway station with the quays. Mazzini, the Italian patriot, had his headquarters at Lugano during the struggle of 1848-66 to expel the Austrians from Lombardy. Amusements centre in the 'Kursaal, where there are variety performances, music and dancing; there is riding, tennis and golf, bathing, at the Lido, and fishing and boating. The modern side of Lugano is by the lake-front, where a fine promenade from the municipal park extends past the town from the suburb of Cassarate to that of Paradiso. Lugano has a splendid situation for excursions. There are funiculars up to San Salvatore and Monte Brè, while you can go by electric railway or by motor to Ponte Tresa; by electric railway up into the wide valley of Tesserete; by water or by road to Gandria, an old fishing village perched nearly a thousand feet up on the mountain-side; by steamer to Porlezza, an Italian station on the eastern end of Lake Lugano, whence a narrow-gauge railway runs to Menaggio, on Lake Como; and by water, motor, or train to Capolago, from which a rack railway ascends Monte Generoso, known as the Rigi of Southern Switzerland. Here there is a marvellous panoramic view over the mountains of Valais, the Bernese Oberland and the Grisons.



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A Parade of Fashion.

Although there were lovely Court and evening dresses at Marshall and Snelgrove's Parade of Fashion, tailored suits and simple frocks were by no means overlooked. Portrayed on the right above is a delightful ensemble carried out in tweed, which is a practical, nevertheless ideal, travelling suit. Another model consisted of a black skirt and coat with a single fastening, and a white waistcoat with a white frill down the front. There was an infinite variety of printed dresses "built up" to the figure, accompanied by black coats, the collars, cuffs and pockets being piped to match the frock.

Pure Cashmere.

Striped jerseys are adding colour to sportswear this spring. The two Braemar models below, made by Innes, Henderson, show that stripes across need not mean extra width. Both are in pure cashmere, soft and light, yet surprisingly hard-wearing. The round-necked jumper on the left is worn with a plain cardigan to make a contrasting "Twin Set." The shirt on the right, with its short sleeves and turn-down collar, would be practical for golf.



Simple Hats.

As usual at this season of the year, Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, are showing an interesting collection of hats for town and country, two of which are illustrated above. The one on the left is, of course, straw, trimmed with fuchsia-shaded petersham. It is available in felt if preferred. The other is of felt, the shady brim casting becoming shadows across the face. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that this firm make a feature of felt hats for all occasions for 25s. 6d. An illustrated brochure will be sent on application.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

FRANKLY, I like Mr. H. G. Wells a great deal better when he's enjoying the world than when he preaches about it, and so his new book is not altogether my "cup of tea." It opens in fine style, with an odious little boy—"an incessantly active, bilious little boy, with a large white face, a slight scowl, and the devil of a temper." Rud is a problem child from his birth. He is timid, hysterical, vindictive, and completely heartless. His chief emotions are a burning hatred of authority and a rage for power, and his father prophesies that "he'll face a jury one of these days." But nothing of the kind: he grows up to be World Dictator.

All in the most natural way. Rud, the young man, though as neurotic and unpleasant as ever, is far from stupid. He wins a scholarship to "Camford," makes an impressive speech at the Union, and decides to go in for politics. Besides the knack of words, he has a talent for picking other men's brains, a demon of energy, and queer, uncertain flashes of inspiration; and soon these gifts attract a handful of disciples—eager young men, with more constructive minds than his own. There is no room, they agree, for another party: the thing is to "capture an organisation," and their choice falls on the Purple Shirts, or Popular Socialists, under Lord Horatio Bohun. The campaign is short and brilliant. Rud and his men crash a Purple Shirt meeting in Hyde Park, return in triumph to the Purple House, and relaunch the Popular Socialists as the Party of Common Sense—the party of the Common Man. For Rud, in an inspired flash, gives himself out as the Common Man emergent.

So far, so good. The fight for the Purple House is a thrill, and the portrait of Lord "Horry" is savage fun. But after that we subside into talk. The rise of Rud, the World War which gives him his opportunity, the new World State of scientists and technicians—it is all talk. Everybody lectures incessantly, and nobody has much character. There are hardly any women—Rud has a neurotic fear and hatred of women; but once, for example's sake, we are shown a happily-married couple—and they lecture each other in a duet. My interest flagged in this part. It revived towards the end, where Rud sits enthroned in solitary power, almost godlike, and half-crazed with fear and suspicion. He trusts no one but the secret police, inaugurates frantic purges, and liquidates, among others, his oldest friend. At length the world is saved by a former schoolmate of his, a doctor, who quietly poisons him—and, ten years

after, lectures on the deed for several pages. Mr. Wells is always too good to miss, and Lord "Horry" is far too good to miss. But "The Holy Terror" would be more satisfying if more trouble had been put into it. Lectures are easy.

In "Christmas Holiday" Mr. Maugham also gives us an embryo dictator and a good deal of instruction. But his lectures are terse and carefully stirred into the plot; Rud and Simon are very different men, and in every other way the contrast is absolute. Charley, a nice young man and nothing more, goes to Paris for a week's holiday. He goes in a state of innocence. His parents, well-to-do,

charming people with a veneer of culture, have brought him up very fondly and carefully to lead their own life, and he has no conception of any other. This Paris trip is to be a lark, after his first year in the office. And he will meet Simon again. They were bosom friends at school, and now Simon is correspondent of a London newspaper.

The first night Charley goes with his friend to a *maison tolérée* and encounters Lydia. Simon has arranged it on purpose. He hates this young man, because he can't help being fond of him, and he is determined to have no feeling for anyone in the world. His dream is to be the power behind a revolution, and the first step is to "mould his own character"—by living like a yogi, denying himself every comfort, and making his heart hard as stone. Charley is the only creature he loves, so Charley must go; and out of spite he throws him in the way of this girl, the wife of a notorious murderer serving a sentence in Guiana. He doesn't let Charley know who she is. The situation "appeals to his sense of humour."

But Charley doesn't lead Lydia astray after all. He is sorry for her and takes her back to his room, and they remain together all week. She tells him the story of her life. She married a young crook without knowing it; his mother kept it dark, in the hope that Robert would settle down if he had a wife. Six months later he killed a man—partly for gain, partly for the excitement of killing. His wife loved him passionately. She still loved him, and has sacrificed her virtue with the idea of expiating his sin. Charley can't like her very much, but, after a week in her society, he goes home feeling that "the bottom has fallen out of his world."

Mr. Maugham's ruthless and deliberate art is as far as possible from the genial hit-or-miss of "The Holy Terror." He takes no chances, and the story is absorbing all through—sometimes painfully absorbing—but not, I think, deeply moving, for the characters are not people—they are types. The pathetic, ultra-Russian waif is a type: she might have been constructed from a novel by Dostoevsky. (Also she strikes one as rather lecturing and superior, which was not intended.) Robert's mother—hard, saving and respectable—is a type; Simon is a type, and so on. But the technique is first-rate.

"Judith Quinn" seems to me an object-lesson in the importance of sharing the author's point of view. In most ways it is an admirable book, far above the ordinary. The Dublin setting is very good, the conversations are excellent, and it all goes with a swing. But the heroine! . . . There are pæans on her intelligence, her independence, and her high spirit; and yet all she does is to fall more or less in love with every man who comes near her, and at last accept a figure of fun from no intelligible motive but

[Continued overleaf.]



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK (MARCH 16-23) AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "THE HEAD OF A GIRL"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE (1776-1837).

This charming portrait, painted in oil on canvas, was bequeathed to the Museum by the artist's daughter, Miss Isabel Constable, in 1888. "I am making," Constable once wrote to his wife, "sad ravages of my time with the wretched portraits I mentioned to you." Nevertheless, he painted a considerable number of them. The view that Constable lacked the facility of a born portrait-painter—though certainly his portraits as a whole are more academic than his other works—would seem refuted by the sketch shown. The unconventional use of the profile, the deep liquid eyes, the parted lips and resonant black hair impart that sense of physical conviction and of acute observation which we feel before his landscapes, and which is popularly supposed to have been introduced into portrait-painting some decades later by Manet.—[Crown Copyright Reserved.]

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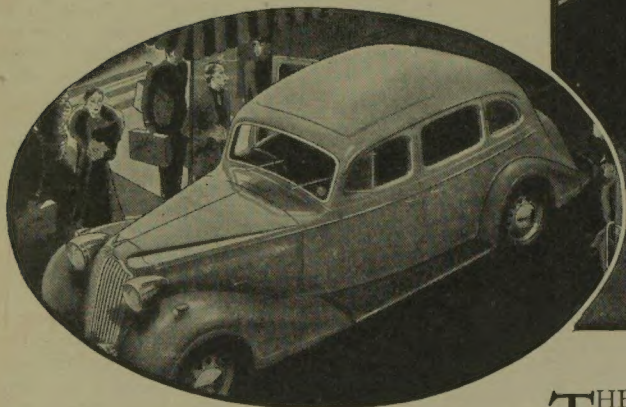
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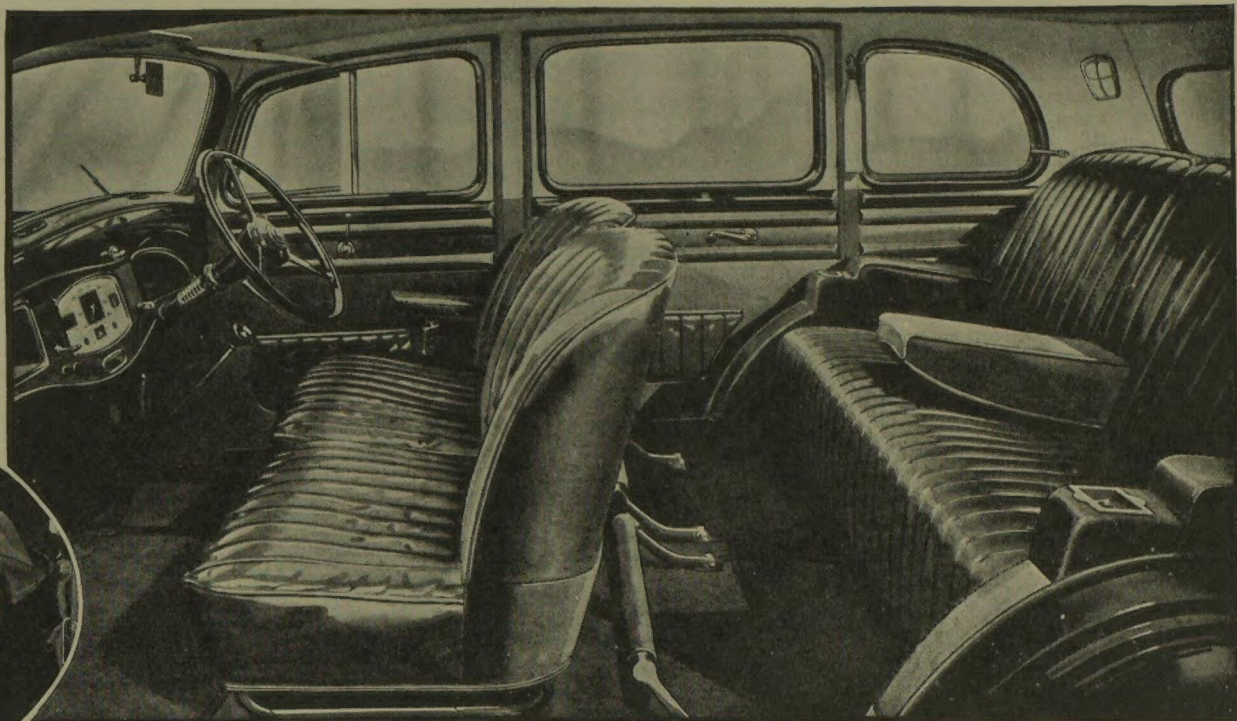
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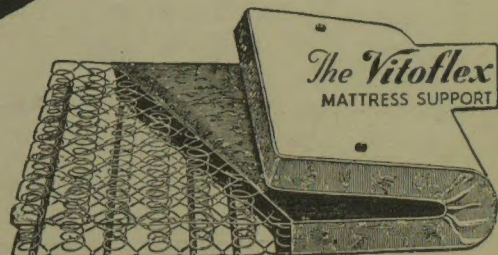
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Continued.
impatience to get a husband. Even then she leaves the decision to her great-grandmother. "Although," she writes, "I don't want to marry this man, because he seems to me extraordinarily repulsive, there is no other reason that I can think of why I should not." She thinks it will be just bearable if they see very little of each other all day, and sleep in different rooms, and take separate holidays; and all the time there is not a scrap of reason for refusing him. If she were supposed to be weak and scatter-brained one wouldn't object; as it is, she nearly spoils the novel.

"Derelicts" is the story of a sea captain, who found content in the wilderness. It is related, in bits, by the chief engineer of a Transatlantic liner—a Conradesque narrative in a rather Conradesque frame. It is long, deliberate, distinguished, and rather slow.

Those are the heavy guns. I must confess that I would give any of them, or even all of them together, for "The Trouble With Tigers." It's impossible to describe these American sketches. They have no substance; but they have a quality of vision, a singing quality, that leaves mere talent and solid writing far in the rear. They are poetical and profound, and very funny into the bargain.

Miss Wincroft's novel "Be a Gent, Little Woman, Be a Gent" is a long chat—highly sophisticated, gay and shrewd, and full of taking impertinences. She treats her story with no respect at all, and it never flags. Her natural witty style is a relief from the orthodox.

Miss Delafield's "Three Marriages" have nothing to do with each other, and belong to different periods—1857, 1897, and the present day. In the first, there is a description of the massacre at Cawnpore—painfully well done, but fatal to interest in the love-story. The next is satirical; the third sad and thwarted. Miss Delafield

is good, as she always is, though not as good as she is sometimes.

The doctor-hero of "Time to Kill" poisons his beloved wife to spare her the last agonies of cancer. He is tried and condemned, but afterwards reprieved. This is not an exciting story. It is restrained, quietly moving, and undogmatic.

"The Perplexed Heart" suggests a very young writer indeed. The heroine trails her wounded spirit through a surprising number of love-affairs, ends as a dancer in a Paris night-club, and then fades out in a decline. I thought her as normal as could be—almost Everywoman; but she is treated as a fascinating exception. In spite, or partly because of, this naïveté, it is a pleasant little book.

"A Mighty Man of Valour" ought to be called "Jephthah's Daughter"; then we should know what to expect. The simplicity of "Judges" can't be improved on, and the author has to spin out his plot by putting everyone through a series of attitudes in slow motion. But he achieves a certain dignity and beauty.

"Three Men Make a World" is an intellectual thriller, very well written. Quite by chance a scientist hits on a way to turn all the oil of the world into useless jelly. This would mean an end to our civilisation. Would it be a good thing? Should it be done? The "three men" can't agree, but the question is settled for them on the outbreak of a new war, during the bombing of London.

"The Case of the Shoplifter's Shoe" begins with a most intriguing scene in a department store, and ends with an admirable court scene. In the first, Perry Mason saves a dear old lady from being arrested for shoplifting; in the second he is defending her on a murder charge. The plot is closely-knit and fast-moving.

In "The Annulet of Gilt" Cape Cod is suddenly peopled with exotic blondes and operatic-looking servants from

Ruritania. Asey Mayo whizzes about, as usual, and discovers nothing till the end, and what he discovers then is improbable. But one doesn't care. He is as entertaining as ever.
K. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Holy Terror. By H. G. Wells. (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.)
Christmas Holiday. By W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Judith Quinn. By Conal O'Riordan. (Arrowsmith; 8s. 6d.)
Derelicts. By William McFee. (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.)
The Trouble With Tigers. By William Saroyan. (Faber; 7s. 6d.)
Be a Gent, Little Woman, Be a Gent. By Eileen Wincroft. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
Three Marriages. By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
Time to Kill. By David Winsor. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)
The Perplexed Heart. By Angela Du Maurier. (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.)
A Mighty Man of Valour. By E. L. Grant Watson. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
Three Men Make a World. By Andrew Marvell. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Case of the Shoplifter's Shoe. By Erle Stanley Gardner. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
The Annulet of Gilt. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WE AT THE CROSSROADS," AT THE GLOBE.

THERE may not be much depth to Mr. Keith Winter's play, but undeniably there is point to his lines. He has written some of the brightest dialogue to be heard on the West End stage. In the first act he introduces us to an extremely conventional set of characters. There is a novelist with a taste for cynicism and alcohol. A woman with a past; a bored married couple, and a blind secretary who philosophises at odd moments. The bored husband is proposing to elope with the woman with a past. It seems just the ordinary, sophisticated little comedy we see on the stage about once a month. Suddenly (the setting is Morocco) a party of tourists arrive on the scene. Two men and two women. They are a happy, slightly common quartette. Whether such people would select Morocco as the place to spend a happy fortnight is doubtful, but they make a welcome intrusion into the play. Gradually one realises that the foursome are no ordinary tourists. They are, in fact, the *alter egos* of the first batch of characters. In a series of entertaining duologues the four bored people learn from their *alter egos*, better selves, or what you will, how to make a success of their lives. The bored husband decides to stay with his wife. The lady with a past explains that she hasn't really had a past at all, and decides to marry the blind secretary. And the novelist, presumably, gives up drink and buys himself a new fountain pen. The play hasn't the quality of "Dear Brutus," which it somewhat resembles, but it is excellent entertainment. It is admirably acted, particularly by Mr. John Mills as a Cockney intruder.

"THE GATE REVUE,"

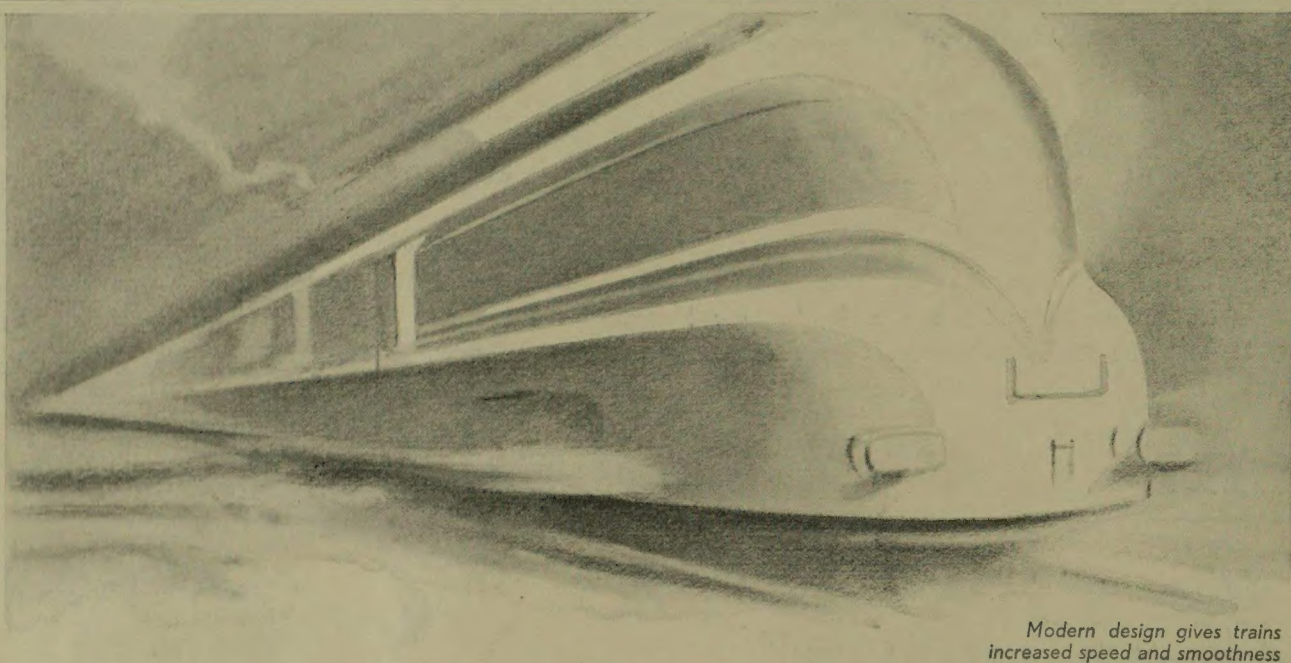
AT THE AMBASSADORS.

This is the brightest revue seen for a long time. There is no beauty chorus. Even the orchestra is limited to two pianos and drums. Yet, because it has wit and melody, it will satisfy where more spectacular shows will not. Miss Hermione Gingold and Mr. Walter Crisham head a talented company. Miss Gingold's two brilliant skits "Beauty, Beauty" and "Only a Medium Medium," in particular, were uproariously received. One may look far to find a better after-dinner entertainment.

AMONG THE "RED MEN" OF ECUADOR.

(Continued from page 423.)

present there are only 125 souls remaining; a pitiful remnant of a once great tribe. We had spent eight weeks among the Colorados. We carefully photographed them and made detailed studies of their unsullied customs. We collected plants in order to have some idea of their ethno-botany, and arranged a long vocabulary of their language. We grew immeasurably fond of these fine savages, who were so responsive to kind, considerate treatment. When we left, a few of the Colorados accompanied us down to the Rio Toachi, which was the route we were to take to the Pacific Coast. It was with poignant regret that we took leave of them, knowing that in a few short years they will be extinct. As we first saw them, so we saw them for the last time—scarlet red figures running until they disappeared into the emerald-green forest—the last of the Colorados, who may for ever remain a mystery to ethnological science.



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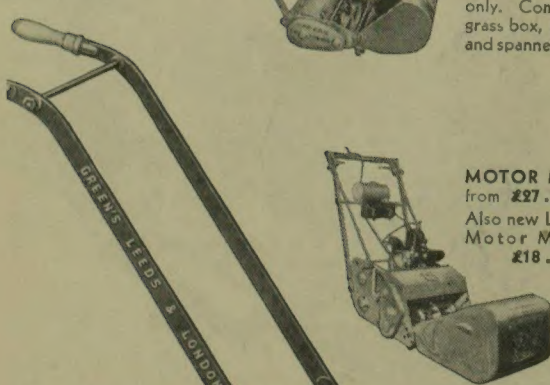
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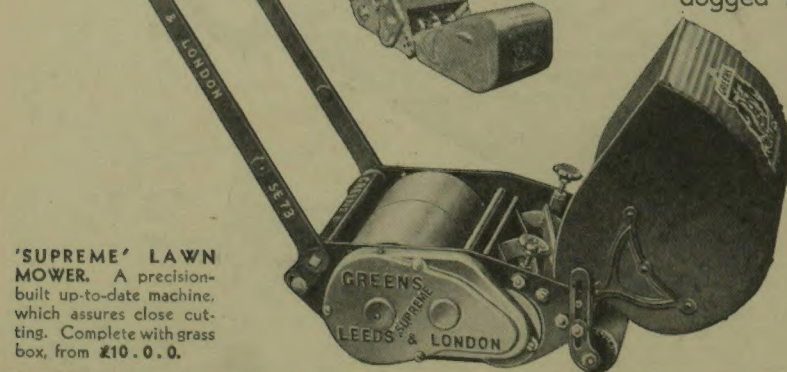
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